

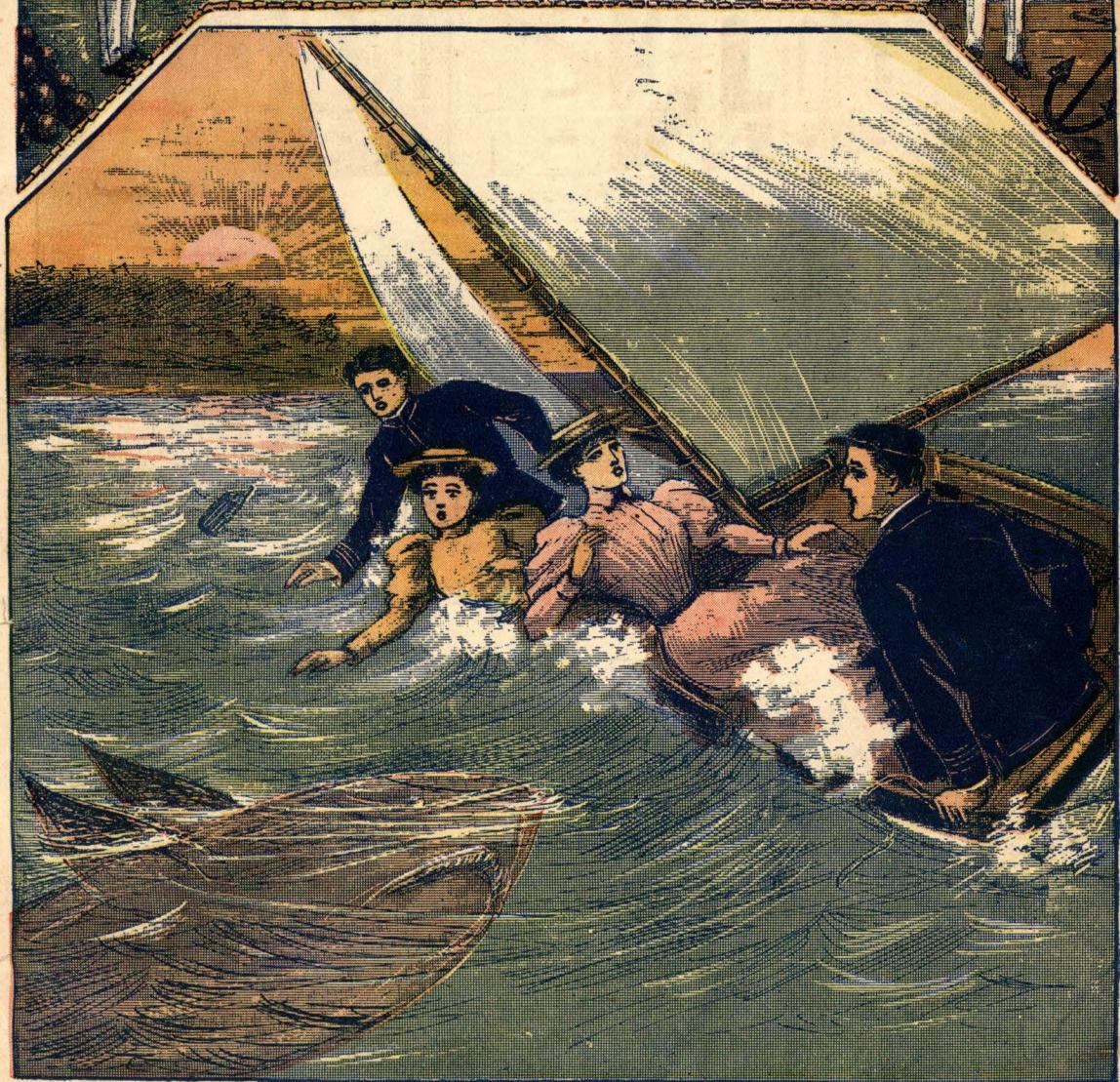
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IMPORTANT NOTICE!
A NEW SERIAL BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

5 CENTS

ARMY AND NAVY

THE MONARCH OF JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS



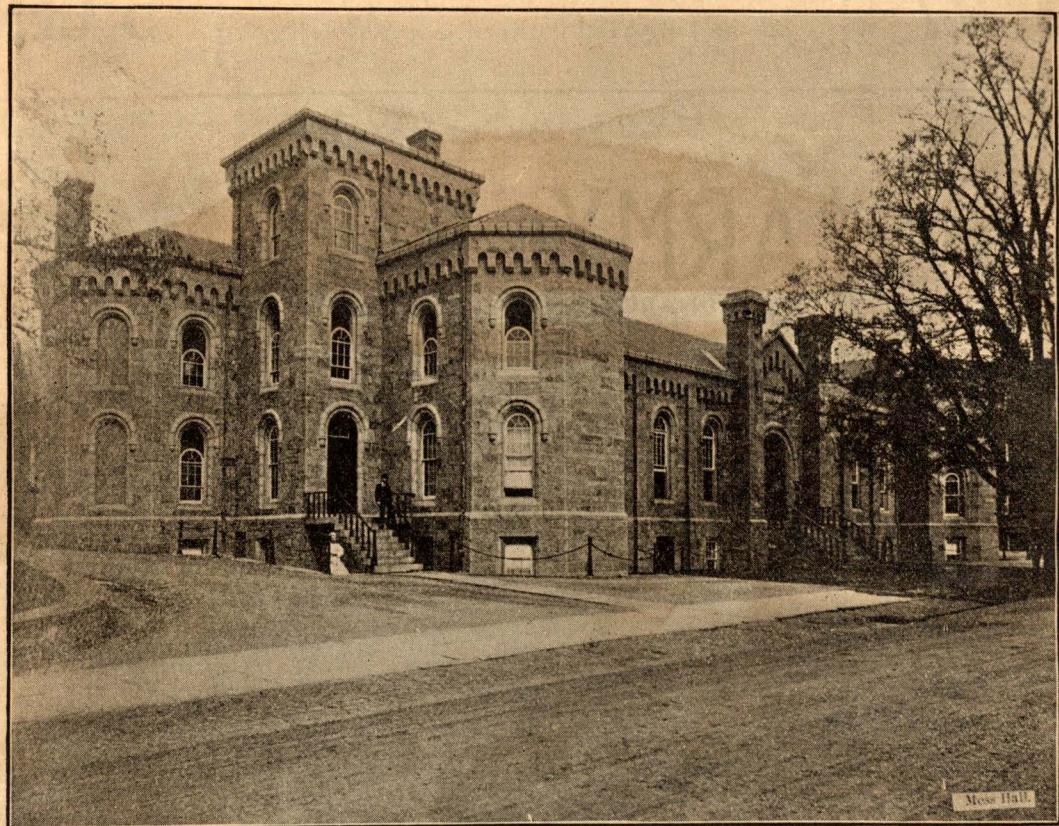
Clif swung the tiller a second too late ; the boat struck the rock with great force.

("Clif Faraday's Gallantry," Complete in this number)

Vol. 1
No. 27

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THE MESS HALL,

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

GRADUATES from West Point have a certain fondness for the gray stone building situated back of the Academic Headquarters and Cadet Barracks. In that building many happy moments have been passed, moments of good cheer and good food. In all the monotony of West Point life, one of the most agreeable breaks is the bugle signal which calls the battalion to mess formation three times daily. Every graduate can look back over his career at the "Point" and say with truth that the very last of the four thousand and odd times he answered that call was just as welcome and pleasing as the first. The battalion marches to the Hall and on entering takes its place behind the chairs ranged along the tables. The command "A Company, take seats" is given, then the members of A Company all sit down promptly. Then comes "B Company, take seats," and so on until all are seated. Each table has seats for twenty-two persons, and there are a number of tables. The waiters are attentive but they simply bring water, bread, etc., when needed. The cadet corporals do the carving while those cadets at the center of the long tables pour the water. The cadets have seats according to rank, and they always occupy the same seats. First classmen sit near the end called the head of the table, second classmen next, third, and then fourth classmen last. Conversation is freely permitted, but no undue levity or noise. After the meal is concluded, the battalion forms again and is dismissed at the proper place.

ARMY AND NAVY.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION FOR OUR BOYS.

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A NEW CONTEST.

THE results of our previous prize competitions have proved their great popularity among ARMY AND NAVY readers. A new contest is now being prepared, the details of which will shortly be published on this page. Watch for it.



Clif Faraday's Gallantry; or, BALKING A CONSPIRACY.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

THE MIDDIES AND THE BULL.

"Bet you two dollars you can't ride it, Trolley."

"He, he! You lose, Clif."

"I'm willing to take the chance, my boy."

"You no think I am plenty warm, eh? You no see me steaming."

"Just listen to that, will you, Trolley's command of American slang is something terrific."

"We are not talking about slang now, Joy. The question is, can Trolley ride that bull. I've got a two dollar bill that says he can't. How is it, Trolley?"

"You just watch me."

Four lads clad in the picturesque costumes worn by American naval cadets were leaning over a stone fence enclosing a broad field just outside of St. George's, Bermuda.

They were laughing and chatting merrily, and at the same time watching a large black bull beyond the fence.

The animal, a magnificent beast, was returning their gaze with evident curiosity. He stood with head thrown back, tail curved, and one forefoot pawing the earth, sending clouds of dust into the air.

He did not appear to be a very safe mount, but to the careless, merry cadets his threatening actions only added zest to the promised sport.

"I say, Clif, I think his bullship is contemplating an attack on us," laughed the fourth member of the party, a slight youngster called Nanny by his shipmates.

"That animal all right," giggled Trolley. "Him what you call bull-y."

His three companions groaned dismally at the pun. Trolley himself, who was a Japanese youth admitted to the United States Naval Academy by the courtesy of the government, enjoyed his remark immensely.

Joy, a lad with a funeral cast of countenance and a perpetual sigh, which, however, only masked a nature bubbling over with good-humor, snatched the Jap's jaunty cap and sent it sailing into the field.

Trolley was not to be outdone. Springing upon Joy before that youth could escape, he performed a like service with his headdress.

Both caps struck the earth within a yard of the bull. The animal stalked forward, and after a suspicious sniff at the two strange objects, pawed at one and sent it into the air.

In falling it landed squarely upon one of the bull's horns and remained there, dangling like a trophy of victory.

The boys cheered and laughed.

"That's a direct challenge," said Clif. "We can't back out now. Trolley, I'll make the bet three dollars instead of two."

"What's the matter with having a regular Spanish bull-fight?" suggested Nanny with a burst of enthusiasm.

"Not bad," agreed Joy.

"You can bet the picadore, Trolley," continued the little cadet.

"What that?"

"The picador is the man on horseback who sticks the bull with a lance."

"Where I get horse?"

"Ride Joy," laughed Nanny. "He's a jackass, and that's next door to a horse."

"What will I do?" asked Clif, entering into the fun.

"You can be the matador, who is the star of the whole performance. He kills the bull and receives the plaudits of the fair ladies."

"Nanny is getting poetical," sighed Joy. "It's a bad sign. It's worse than the measles. If it strikes in, there'll be trouble."

"What part are you to take, kidlets," laughed Clif.

"Oh, I'll be the audience. It's the safest place. Now go ahead and start the show."

"The bull is ready," said Joy, eyeing the animal dubiously. "He looks as if he could give us a pretty good—"

He was interrupted by a bellow and the great beast started on a run for the fence. Coming to a stop within a short distance of the boys, he glared at them as if inviting them to enter.

Trolley snatched up a rock, and sent it with a resounding thump against the bull's ribs.

"How that for high?" he exclaimed. "You no much. You can't bulldoze us."

Whether it was the missile or the pun that caused it, anyway, the bull made a charge for the fence, bringing up with a crash against the firm stone barrier.

The four cadets, rather startled, beat a hasty retreat. Clif was the first to come to a halt. He glanced back at the enraged animal, which was making efforts to paw the fence down, and laughed.

"I say, chums," he called out. "We are pretty naval officers, running from the enemy like that. Trolley, you yellow rascal, come back here and perform that feat of bullmanship you promised us."

The Japanese youth rejoined Clif with a doubtful shake of his head.

"I guess I pay you the bet, and take no chances," he said. "My neck worth more than that."

"But maybe you won't get it in the neck," grinned Nanny, coming up. "Especially if you are trying to beat him back to the fence."

"He may get it in the bul-warks," be-

gan Joy with a sigh, but a collision with Clif's toe stopped him short in the midst of the perpetration.

"I no leave my cap anyway," declared Trolley after a brief consideration.

"I want mine," said Joy. "It's my muster cap, and there aren't any more on board—"

"Small enough," finished Nanny with a chuckle.

"It's getting late, fellows," said Clif, glancing toward the western sky. "We've got a dinner on at the hotel for six, and then I promised to see the parade at the barracks. The English troops stationed here in Bermuda are worth seeing."

"They can't do any better than the cadets on board the old Monongahela," answered Nanny, with creditable patriotism. "When the commander of the forces here saw us drilling yesterday on board, he was amazed and delighted."

"That's where he showed his good taste," sighed Joy. "But what are we going to do about this bull?"

"I tell you, chums," suddenly spoke up Clif. "If you want your caps, I'll hold him by the tail while you get them."

His three companions stared at him in amazement for a moment, then Trolley and Joy promptly emptied the contents of their pockets upon the ground.

A varied collection of English silver and an American banknote or two was the result.

"We'll bet that against a dollar you don't do it," exclaimed Joy.

"Done," was Clif's equally prompt reply, tossing a bill to Nanny. "Here, kidlets, just hold the stakes."

With that he approached the fence and leaped lightly upon the top layer of stone.

"You won't try it," cried Trolley, incredulously.

"Get your caps," briefly replied Faraday.

So saying, he sprang down into the field and started carelessly toward the bull, who was still pawing at the fence a short distance below.

At that moment a light open carriage appeared past a turn in the road. The occupants were two girls, both extremely pretty and vivacious in appearance.

The one driving, a slender blonde,

with bright, sparkling eyes, immediately drew rein on seeing the cadets.

Standing up in the vehicle she waved her whip at Clif and called out in a silvery voice which contained a note of alarm:

"Be careful, sir. That bull is very dangerous."

Clif glanced back on hearing the warning and raised his cap. As he did so the powerful black brute made a sudden rush at him.

When he reached the spot, Faraday wasn't there, however. He had stepped aside as coolly as if on parade.

As the bull charged past, the daring lad reached out and grasped the animal's flying tail with both hands.

"Get your caps," he called out with a merry laugh. "Quick! I can't hold him more than a week."

The last word came in a gasp as he was dragged, irresistably after the maddened bull. A shriek came from one of the fair spectators; then as the cloud of dust settled slightly laughter burst from the lips of all.

Sitting astride the galloping animal's haunches, was Clif, gaily waving one hand and still clutching the tail with the other.

CHAPTER II.

LORNA DAY.

Round and round the field went the novel pair, then as the bull neared the fence for the third time, pawing and bellowing and snorting with fear and rage, Clif made an agile leap and scrambled over the stone barrier.

"I'll thank you for that money," he laughed, holding out his hand to Nanny.

"Well, you certainly deserve it," gasped the little cadet admiringly.

Joy and Trolley, who had succeeded in securing their caps, somewhat the worse for wear, looked rather sheepish.

"I believe you would buck a tornado if you felt like it," sighed the former. "The next time I have any money to bet, I'll take your end of it."

"If you live in my country, you be emperor," said the Japanese youth. "You one Jack-dandy from way-front."

"Still twisted, I see," laughed Faraday. "Trolley, you'll have to pronounce

your sentences backward hereafter like Chinese writing."

He turned to the carriage and approached with head uncovered. The strong glance of admiration he gave the fair occupants caused them to blush involuntarily.

"I am greatly obliged for the warning you gave me," he said, "but it came at a time when I had made up my mind to a certain action. A small wager between my friends there and myself compelled me to carry out my original intention."

"It was a very foolish act," replied the fair driver. "That bull is known throughout Bermuda as the most dangerous animal in all these islands. It has killed a man."

"And wanted me to become its second victim," smiled Clif. "I am sorry I disappointed his bullship."

"You are a brave young man," said the girl, calmly, "but you won't reach an elderly age if you do not acquire more sense."

Clif stared at her in open-mouthed wonder. The other girl smiled, and a snicker came from the little group of cadets behind him.

"I am more surprised at your utter foolhardiness, seeing that you are an American naval cadet," continued the young lady coolly flecking a gnat from the horse's flank. "I always understood that Yankees were cautious. Aren't you a Yankee?"

Clif gasped for breath.

To be "called down" in such a manner by a girl was an absolutely new experience for him. His face was so blank that the girl laughed merrily.

"I don't believe you are -a Yankee," she added. "I have met lots of people from the United States, and they never lost their tongues while with me."

That restored Clif's power of speech in a jiffy. He heard Joy and the others chuckling back of him, and he resolved to show them that he could not be routed by a mere slip of a girl.

"You will pardon me if I presume to differ from you," he said with a low bow. "But I can well believe that my countrymen would find it impossible to speak in your presence. You remember the old lines:

"The face so lovely stilled my speech.
I silent stood enraptured;
With eyes I tried her love beseech
And forthwith was I captured!"

Now under those circumstances can you find fault with me for being mute?"

"You have certainly redeemed yourself," laughed the girl, taking up the reins, "and I must confess that I admire your courage in facing that bull even if it was a foolhardy act."

She called to the horse, but as she drove off, Clif asked courteously but with an eagerness he could not repress:

"Please grant me one favor before you go."

"Why?" replied the young lady, calmly.

"As a partial return for giving me an unpleasant half minute."

"You plead well. What is it?"

The handsome young cadet hesitated, then after a moment he exclaimed boldly:

"Tell me your name."

"I'll take it all back," replied the girl with a merry rippling laugh. "You are a Yankee."

"Thanks. That is a compliment. The name, please."

"Mary Ann O'Toole."

"That's a story, and it is not nice for very young girls to tell stories. Try again, please."

This cool remark brought its reward. The young lady started the horse again, but floating back came the words:

"Lorna Day."

Clif made a sweeping bow after the carriage, then he turned to his companions with a quizzical expression upon his handsome face.

"First time I ever came near striking my colors," he laughed. "The broadsides fired by that saucy clipper almost sunk me. Isn't she a beauty?"

"Peach," murmured Joy.

"She one lulu," exclaimed Trolley, enthusiastically. "She more pretty than basket of apples."

Little Nanny eyed Clif reproachfully.

"I am ashamed of you!" he said sadly. "You haven't any more sense than a catfish. Every girl you meet gets you on a string. It was Tess Herndon at the Academy, and Juanita Windom at Lisbon, and now you must chase after another in Bermuda. You make me tired."

"Wait until you are a little older, kids," laughed Clif, winking at Joy, "and you'll see something in a girl, too. If it wasn't for the girls, bless 'em, life wouldn't be worth living."

Nanny muttered something about "fools" and "flirts" and set off down the road with his nose in the air. The other cadets followed him, busily discussing the charms of the fair Bermuda belle.

The bull gave them a parting bellow as they left the vicinity of the field.

It was fully three miles to St. George's, whither they were bound, but the merry cadets did not mind the walk.

They had left the United States Naval Academy practice-ship Monongahela that morning on pleasure bent, and like all boys on a lark they were ready for anything.

The Monongahela was homeward bound from the annual summer cruise, and had put into the Bermuda Islands for the purpose of giving her crew of naval cadets a run ashore.

Clif Faraday, Joy, Trolley and Nanny were prospective members of the new fourth class. They had entered in May, two months previous, and had not, as yet, acquired any particular rating.

That fact did not bother them, however, as they strolled arm in arm down the dusty country road.

Clif broke into a song and the others joined in the rollicking chorus with a vim that brought wondering faces to the doors of the cottages and farm houses scattered along the road.

In time the suburbs of St. George's were reached. Becoming more decorous, the four cadets made their way to the main street.

Here they divided into two parties, Trolley and Nanny proceeding to the water front, and Clif and Joy walking on to the hotel.

"For goodness' sake, don't go making a chump of yourself with that ginger-haired girl, Clif," called back the little plebe anxiously.

Clif waved his hand.

"I'll look out for that, youngster," he replied gaily.

"I wouldn't mind meeting her again," he added to Joy. "Even if she did call me down. Gorry! those blue eyes looked

clear through me. How old do you think she is?"

"Oh, bother. Let's talk about something else," was the lanky cadet's discouraging reply. "Here's the hotel. Let's eat dinner and go over to the barracks. Dress parade at seven you know."

Five minutes later the two were seated in the hotel dining-room awaiting the appearance of their dinner.

The place was well-filled, a majority of those present being officers from the English military barracks and the naval vessels in the harbor.

Seated at a table next to that occupied by Clif and Joy were two young army second lieutenants, the insignias upon their collars indicating that they belonged to the Colonial artillery.

They were deep in a conversation and did not look up when the two cadets sat down.

Clif gave them a careless glance, noting that one wore a slight budding mustache and the other a smooth face, then he began to talk with Joy.

Suddenly, while in the midst of a remark, he heard one of the English officers mention a familiar name—a name that Clif had heard for the first time that day.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLOT.

It was the lieutenant with the smooth face who had used the name, and he seemed to be laboring under some excitement.

"It's a risky business, I know, Romayn," he said, raising his voice, "but, confound it, man, the game is worth the candle. There's not a prettier girl in the British empire than Lorna Day."

"Is it beauty you are after, Fitz James?" queried the other, with an unpleasant laugh.

His companion flushed and tapped nervously upon the table.

"Don't be personal," he replied. "You know how I am situated, and old Man Day's money would help me out wonderfully, but I swear I love the girl."

"Do you think she loves you?"

"No. But I can make her."

"Not by abduct—"

Fitz James thrust out one hand and placed it over his companion's mouth, at

the same time glancing toward Clif and Joy.

The two cadets had heard all, but they were shrewd enough to appear entirely unconscious. Clif was gazing abstractedly through an open window, and Joy had his eyes fixed on the table cloth.

Both were apparently in a profound study.

Clif—a clever actor—suddenly looked at the lanky cadet and said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"That's right, old fellow, Wilson did make a mistake. The cadet-captain told me so. You see, it was this way: Wilson was aloft overhauling the topsail halliards, and when the order came from the first luff—"

He ended with a smile of satisfaction. He had seen, from the corner of his eye, the two English officers turn away with every evidence of relief.

There was a moment of silence then the conspirators resumed their conversation, but in a lower tone.

"Say something now and then while I listen," whispered Clif, eagerly. "We are on the track of a plot to abduct that girl we met in the country."

Joy began a desultory description of some imaginary incident on board, and Clif bent all his energies to learn further details of what he realized was a foul conspiracy.

He tilted his chair back and slowly rocked to and fro. He strained every nerve to hear, but was rewarded only by an occasional word.

One in particular, however, sent the blood coursing swiftly through his veins.

It was "to-night!"

Could it mean that the two scoundrels intended to carry out their plan at once? Clif was not ordinarily an excitable youth, but, just now he felt strangely disturbed.

The memory of Lorna Day's piquant face returned to him. Their little passage-at-arms had only served to increase the lad's interest—an interest and admiration excited by the girl's undoubtedly cleverness and beauty.

The thought that she was intended as a mark for the greed of the two reckless officers filled him with a determined desire to save her at all hazards.

But what could he do? What would be

the best plan? Notify her, of course, and at once.

Clif half smiled to think that he need ask himself such a question. It would be the simplest thing in the world to balk the conspiracy.

A few words to the girl's family, and the rascals would be caught red-handed. It was so easy that Clif found himself glancing at the occupants of the neighboring table almost pityingly.

The waiter appearing with the cadet's dinner interrupted proceedings. Joy and Clif tried to eat, but they were too excited.

They kept watch of the two lieutenants, and when at last they rose to go, the cadets could hardly keep their seats.

They heard the smooth-faced officer mutter to his companion as they passed: "Yankees from the training-ship having a lark ashore."

"We'll show you a lark before we are through with you," growled Joy below his breath. "We'll cook your goose for you, my bold abductor."

Romayne and FitzJames seemed in no hurry to leave the dining-room.

They stopped here and there to speak to other officers, and spent at least ten minutes reaching the door.

In the meantime Clif and Joy had been eagerly discussing the situation.

"I can scarcely believe it possible that such a thing could even be imagined at this end of the century," said the former. "It is incredible. Fancy two English army officers abducting a girl for the purpose of marriage."

"And she doesn't like that fellow, either," growled Joy, eyeing the object of his indignation. "The one with the mustache said so. It's a daring scheme to obtain money."

"It is evident they expect her father would not care to raise a scandal. They rely on that. Well, we will fool them. It means dismissal from the service."

"And State's prison."

"Serve 'em right. Confound their picters, I wish they would go."

"I would like to know more of their scheme," said Clif, reflectively. "It would be fun to let them almost succeed and then step in."

"Ourselves?"

"Yes."

Joy reached over and clasped Clif's hand. Grasping it heartily, he exclaimed:

"By Jake! Let's do it, chum. It'll be a great feather in our caps. Our names will be in all the papers as the brave and gallant Yankee middies who at the peril of their lives, etc., rescued a lovely maiden from the hands of two deep-dyed ——"

"They have gone," interrupted Clif, rising to his feet. "Come, we must follow them."

It was still daylight when they left the hotel. The street outside was thronged with people, it being the favorite hour for promenading.

Romayne and FitzJames had turned toward the military barracks, and it was evident they intended to report for dress parade.

"We'll keep them in sight until they reach the barracks," said Clif. "Then you can watch while I attend to something else."

"What?"

"I want to make a few inquiries. I am not altogether easy about running the affair ourselves after all. It is risky. If we should slip up and fail to stop the abduction I would never forgive myself."

"Perhaps it would be best to warn her father," acknowledged Joy, but he did it with great reluctance.

He was loath to give up the promised adventure. The bare suggestion of a row or fight was balm to his heart.

The parade ground reached, Joy took his stand in front of the barracks, and Clif started off in search of information regarding the Day family.

A minute's walk brought him to a drug store. Entering, he made a trifling purchase, and then spoke of the weather.

The proprietor, an elderly Englishman, seemed inclined to talk and before long Clif saw his way clear to the asking of the important question.

"By the way," he said carelessly, "aren't there a family named Day living here?"

"Old Judge Day?"

"Yes, I presume he is a judge."

"Oh, yes; the judge is one of the big men of the place. He's a very rich man."

"And he lives near here?"

"No, not in St. George's."

"Not in St. George's?"

Clif was startled. Such an outcome of his questioning was entirely unexpected.

"Does he live in the country?" he asked eagerly.

"No. He has a fine place on Orient Island out on the opposite side of the bays. It's a good two hours sail from here. Do you wish to see the judge?"

"No, that is, yes. I have important

"I am not afraid of the dogs and spring guns," replied Clif impatiently. "I must see Judge Day to-night."

"If it's simply a message you might send it by his daughter."

"Where is she?" queried Clif, as quick as a flash.

"She was here a while ago; said she intended to leave the long wharf——"

"Where is it?" hastily asked the cadet, starting toward the door.



CLIF SWUNG THE TILLER A SECOND TOO LATE; THE BOAT STRUCK THE ROCK WITH GREAT FORCE (page 1262).

business with him. How can I get there to-night?"

The druggist stared at him in evident surprise.

"If it ain't a matter of life and death you'd better wait until morning, sir," he replied dubiously. "The judge is a very eccentric old fellow and he doesn't like to receive callers after dark. He keeps dogs and spring guns, and watchmen who shoot first and ask questions afterward."

"Down at the end of this street," he heard the proprietor say as he passed out of the store almost at a run.

It had grown dark with the suddenness of that latitude, and Clif realized with regret the length of time he had spent in the drug store.

"Perhaps those two scoundrels have slipped past Joy," he muttered. "It would never do to permit them to escape from us."

He found the wharf deserted save by a watchman who was idly swinging his lantern from a seat near the shore end.

He rose as Clif dashed up, and barred his way, asking curtly:

"Where are you going, sir?"

"I want to see Miss Lorna Day," the cadet replied, hurriedly. "I was told she would take a boat here and—"

"She is gone these ten minutes. She left in her father's launch."

"In her father's launch!" echoed Clif. "Was he with her?"

"No; only the man running it; it's a naptha launch, you know, and Miss Ada Claire, Miss Lorna's friend. Why, what is the matter? Anything important?"

Clif shook his head and muttered some excuse, then he left the wharf. He wished time to think over the new developments.

"This complicates matters considerably," he mused. "I am afraid we'll have to notify the authorities after all. It's a pity as we might have gotten a lot of fun out of the affair."

He started across the street, intending to rejoin Joy and see how his watch over the barracks had resulted.

As he gained the other side of the thoroughfare forming the water front he almost collided with a tall, lanky youth who was approaching rapidly from the left.

"What the dence——" began a familiar voice.

"Joy!" cried Clif. "Where have you been?"

"Those confounded officers!" gasped the other.

"Yes, yes."

"They left the barracks and—and—"

"Quick, will you!"

"I followed them down here to the water front and they took a sail boat and—"

"A sail boat," interrupted Clif, eagerly. "When was it? Which way did they go?"

"Five minutes ago. I don't know which way they went. They pulled out into the darkness. Have you learned anything?"

Clif groaned.

"Have I learned anything. I should say I have. The Days live on an island

across the bay, and Lorna Day has just left this wharf in a naptha launch."

"Great Jake! Alone?"

"No. She has a girl friend with her and a man running the launch."

"That settles it," exclaimed Joy, with more emphasis than was his wont. "Romayne and FitzJames intend to do the abducting right away. Chum, what'll we do? If we stop to look up the authorities it may be too late"

"Right you are," replied Clif, promptly. "Every moment is precious. How much money have you?"

"About ten dollars."

"I have fifteen. We must bribe the watchman on the wharf to give us a boat. Come on."

CHAPTER IV.

CLIF'S SURPRISE.

Five minutes later the two cadets were hastily shoving off from the wharf in a small sailboat they had secured from the watchman by liberal bribing.

"Keep the flash light about three points off the port bow," called out the obliging official. "An' be keerful ye don't run ashore before ye git to Orient Island. There's others in the bay, ye know."

"We'll have to take chances," muttered Clif.

"I would risk a good deal to save Lorna Day from those scoundrels."

Joy had taken the oars while Clif handled the tiller. After rowing a short distance away from the wharf, the latter called out:

"It's a fair wind in our direction, chum; we might as well set sail. We will make just as much headway."

"Yes, and the sails will make less noise," replied the lanky cadet, unshipping his oars and preparing to step the little mast. "I'd like to surprise Mr. Romayne and Mr. FitzJames in their work."

"I am afraid we won't stand much of a show. It'll be like hunting for the proverbial needle. Pull the halliards a little tauter. Steady, that's it."

The breeze blowing off shore was strong enough to heel the craft considerably. Water came over the lee gunwale, but the boys did not mind that. Their

practical experience in boat drill had taught them confidence in their own skill.

The night was extremely dark, it being that black hour before the rising of a full moon. Borne on the breeze from the town came strange noises, cries, a rattle of wagon wheels, occasional bursts of music from the military band.

The scent of many flowers heavy with semi-tropical perfume filled the air.

In front of the boat rose a wall of gloom only pierced by the periodical flashes from a revolving light at the entrance to the bay.

It was like sailing into an abyss of blackness—like voyaging a la Columbus into unknown seas.

Joy, after attending to the sail, crept forward and began a careful watch for signs of the launch or the lieutenant's boat. Clif, aft at the tiller, also maintained a vigilant lookout, but his thoughts were busy as well.

He was not altogether easy in his mind. He could not help feeling that it would have been better to have notified the authorities at once instead of assuming the responsibility themselves.

Clif Faraday's intelligence was above the average. It was that which had placed him at the head of the new cadets, and had made him so successful in defeating the upper classes in their many attempts at hazing.

Not yet three months in the Academy he had by his manly ways and shrewdness made himself a favorite among the officers from the captain down to the lowest ensign.

This reputation was peculiarly pleasing to the handsome young plebe, and it may be that it had some weight upon his present action. It is needless to say that the desire to aid such a charming girl as Lorna Day also had something to do with it.

It was now too late to turn back anyway. It was possible that, at that very moment, the naptha launch was being attacked, for Clif believed it was the lieutenant's plan to seize Miss Day before she could reach Orient Island.

He leaned forward and peered eagerly into the dark wall before them.

"See anything, chum?" he called out.

"Not a durned thing."

"We ought to be near them. This craft sails like a witch."

"I say, Clif."

"Yes."

"What are we going to do when we catch up with them?"

"That's a nice question, chum. What do you think?"

There was silence for a moment, then a chuckle sounded forward, followed by the words:

"You know I am always in favor of peace, don't you?"

"Bosh! There's not a plebe in the service more ready for a scrap than you. You would risk your commission for a fight. Now stow it."

"That's a base libel," protested the lanky youth in an injured tone. "Here I am always holding out olive branches ——"

"You mean hickory clubs"

"And you fellows insist that I am a regular fire-eater. It's a durned shame. By Jake! some day I'll break out and lick the packing out of a dozen of you fellows just to prove that I am a man of peace. If I was a scrapper like you I'd——"

"Sh-h! quiet. I heard something."

Clif glanced off the port beam and half rose from his seat. A noise like the rattle of a tiller rope had come through the gloom from that direction.

Suddenly a cough was heard, then a girl's voice broke into the stillness of the night with a merry laugh.

"What a charming adventure this is, Rene. I've just been longing for something to happen and now the launch is broken down."

A half-supressed exclamation came from Clif. The launch broken down! What a stroke of Providence!

"We'll defeat them after all," he said, exultantly, bearing hard on the tiller. "Romayne and FitzJames have missed ——"

He was interrupted by a slight crash and a scream. Then came a hoarse jumble of voices and the grinding of boat against boat.

"Sheer off there!" shouted an angry voice. "Can't ye see where ye are going? Sheer off!"

"Keep still, you fool!" grated another,

whom Clif and Joy instantly recognized as that of FitzJames. "If you make a sound I'll put a bullet through you. Romayne, tend to him while I have a word with Miss Lorna."

"What's the meaning of this outrage, Lieutenant FitzJames?" came indignant from Lorna Day. "Are you crazy?"

"No, not crazy, but in love," was the impudent response. "I have something to tell you, Lorna, and—"

"How dare you speak to me in this manner, sir? Leave this launch at once. Peter, drive them away."

"Peter had better keep his hands clear if he knows what is good for him. Now, Miss Lorna, it is useless for you to create a scene. I am here for a purpose and I mean to carry it out. You can raise no end of a row and it won't help you. You are at our mercy—"

"Not much," came in clear tones from the darkness. "We have something to say about that; eh, Joy?"

The next moment a sailboat, skilfully handled, shot alongside the launch, and Clif leaped over the gunwale directly in front of the astounded lieutenant.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTURED!

As yet the only light visible had come from a lantern in the bottom of the launch, the faint rays hardly serving to dispel the gloom.

When Clif made his sudden appearance the lantern was snatched up by Lorna and held aloft.

The stronger light brought out in clear relief the strange scene. It was a strange scene thus being enacted in the harbor of Bermuda, and one not often witnessed in the nineteenth century.

Confronting each other amidships were two young officers, one clad in the picturesque uniform of an American naval cadet, and the other decked out in all the finery of an English artilleryman.

Crouched almost at their feet was a young girl, her face pallid with terror. Near her stood another girl, a beautiful blonde, tall and willowy.

She was pale, but brave, and the hand holding the lantern did not tremble.

Forward was the second English lieutenant threatening a weazened old man.

And just stepping over the gunwale was a lean youth clad as a naval cadet.

We repeat, it was a strange scene, but nothing compared with that which was destined to follow.

Lieutenant FitzJames was the first to break the stillness. Hastily thrusting one hand into his blouse he cried fiercely:

"Who are you and what have you to do with this affair?"

Clif smiled grimly. There was nothing of mirth in the smile. To those who knew him best it was a danger signal only to be seen when the whole depths of his nature were aroused.

"What have I to do with this affair, Lieutenant FitzJames?" he retorted evenly. "Not much. Only what any gentleman would have to do in a similar case. I happen to know your intentions, and I intend to see that you do not carry them out. My friend and I are here to defend these young ladies, that's all."

There was no trace of excitement in his voice. He spoke dispassionately as if merely mentioning the weather or discussing the latest play. Clif stood in an easy attitude with his hands placed lightly upon his hips, but a close observer would have seen that he was ready for instant attack or defense. His eyes were bent upon the hand which the English lieutenant was even then drawing from beneath his blouse.

Suddenly there was a glitter of polished metal in the rays of the lantern, then quick as a flash Faraday's right arm straightened out, and he had clutched his opponent's wrist.

A scream came from the girl crouching in the bottom of the launch. Lorna made no outcry, but the expression of horror upon her face indicated the depth of excitement under which she was laboring.

"Release my hand!" hissed FitzJames, struggling to free himself.

"Not much; not while you have that revolver," retorted Clif.

The two swayed back and forth in the narrow confines of the launch, causing the craft to rock dangerously.

Lieutenant Romayne started aft to the assistance of his fellow-officer, but he suddenly found himself confronted by Joy. The latter's lean face had lost its usual expression of melancholy. It was

now eager, and there were traces of actual joy about the mouth.

"Stop there!" he shouted. "If you take another step I'll bust your nose!"

Romayne was a powerfully built youth, and he possessed his full share of brute courage.

For answer he fairly threw himself upon the lanky cadet and wound both arms about his waist. Then, before Joy could offer resistance or fairly realize what had happened, he found himself lifted bodily and dropped over the side.

The sound of the heavy splash had barely ceased echoing when with a leap, Romayne was at FitzJames' side.

Lifting a bar he had snatched from the bottom of the launch, he brought it down with stunning force upon Clif's head.

The lad dropped like a log and lay motionless with his curly head almost at Lorna's feet.

There was no sound from the other girl. She had fainted.

Not so Lorna. She was made of stern-er stuff.

"You murderer!" she cried in ring-ing ones. "You have killed him."

Hastily lowering the lantern she knelt by Clif's side and lifted his bleeding head into her lap.

The handsome face showed white and ghastly in the yellow glare. The eyes were partly open, but there was no ex-pression of life in them.

"We must get out of this," muttered FitzJames, hoarsely.

"Where?" queried Romayne, in a voice that trembled with fear. "Where can we go?"

"To Shark Island. It's the only place. We can hide in the cave until we decide what to do."

"And the girls?"

"They must go with us. And the cadets also. Where is the other?"

As if in reply to his question, Joy, who had been swimming lustily back to the launch, threw both arms over the gun-wale and attempted to scramble on board.

He was fairly howling with rage, and he made the most desperate efforts to crawl on board.

"I'll pay you for that trick if you kill me," he sputtered. "You're a pretty pair

of British officers. By Jake! I'll see you both hanged!"

"He'll be heard ashore," exclaimed FitzJames. "Haul him aboard and give him one like you did the other if he don't keep quiet."

The two officers finally succeeded in subduing the pugnacious cadet. He was bound with a bit of rope and tossed alongside. Clif was too exhausted to notice the condition of the latter.

Old Peter, who had been roughly handled by Romayne, was compelled to submit to the same treatment. After a warning to Lorna to keep a still tongue in her head, the desperate conspirators turned their attention to the disabled engine.

It was found easy to repair, and shortly the launch was in motion once more.

Romayne attended the engine while FitzJames steered and kept watch over the prisoners. Fearing that the launch might break down again, it was deemed advisable to take their sailboat.

The craft was accordingly towed be-hind. This acted as a drag and the launch's speed was materially reduced, but the two scoundrels seemed to act as if time was no object.

Nothing was said. Lorna continued to bathe Clif's head as if oblivious of her surroundings. Rene, Lorna's companion, was still in a swoon, and Joy and old Peter were not in a condition to do much protesting.

A course straight for the mouth of the harbor was maintained, and presently the launch was tossing upon the outside swell.

Two hours after leaving the harbor found the strangely assorted party nearing a small island.

The moon had risen full and majestic, and its mellow rays brought out in soft relief the little islet in its wreath of foam-covered breakers.

Romayne and FitzJames knew the spot well, and they found no difficulty in steering the launch into a sheltered inlet.

In trying to stop the little engine Romayne disabled a part of the machinery, but the headway of the launch carried it on to the beach.

By that time Lorna's labors had borne

fruit. The constant use of water, and perchance the touch of her deft hands, had brought Clif from unconsciousness to a knowledge of the condition of affairs.

Lorna's wit had told her that their chances of escape from the two officers, whose foul designs she was now fully aware of, depended upon this handsome American cadet.

She watched his recovery carefully and succeeded in placing him in full possession of the existing facts without arousing FitzJames' suspicions.

By the time the launch's bow had grated on the sands of the little inlet, Clif was prepared to battle for his fair companion's safety once more.

He "played possum" however, and pretended to be insensible, thinking wisely that opportunities would favor him better under that condition.

Romayne sprang ashore and fastened the painter to a rock near the water's edge, then he returned on board and the two conspirators calmly prepared to spend the hours intervening before dawn.

"It's useless to search for the cave now," growled FitzJames. "We'd break our necks in one of the pits."

The long hours dragged slowly. Romayne and FitzJames smoked, and discussed affairs in low tones. Rene recovered at last and after a series of shrieks finally concluded that her life was not demanded immediately.

Presently as the first faint rays of the coming dawn appeared above the eastern horizon, FitzJames rose to his feet and said curtly:

"Come; we'll get to the cave. If that Yankee cadet hasn't regained consciousness yet, Romayne, make Peter and the other fellow carry him. But first see if he is shamming."

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE IS MANY A SLIP—"

Turning to Lorna he touched her on the arm and added in a softer voice:

"You will pardon me if I ask you to accompany me to the cave. I regret the necessity—"

"Do not speak to me, sir," interrupted Lorna, scornfully. "I am in your power, unfortunately, and must yield to force, but I tell you now, Lieutenant Fitz-

James, you will surely suffer for this outrage. You must be crazy to think you can act like this with impunity."

Clif, looking through his half-closed eyes saw the young officer brush one hand across his forehead. The desperate expression upon his face deepened.

"I am not crazy, Miss Day," he replied, almost humbly, "but I soon will be, I guess. It will be my love for you that'll do it."

"Your love for me!"

There was an emphasis on the last word which admitted of no mistake in its meaning. FitzJames staggered as if struck. His face paled and flushed and paled again.

"I understand you," he said, bitterly. "You think I am doing this for money; that I hope to ransom you to your father. It is not so. I love you, Lorna. I—I could not win you otherwise. You scorned my suit and it aroused the devil in me. I resolved to possess you in spite of all."

"Never! I will die—"

"Wait. I am not through. You think I am crazy because I abducted you. Not a bit of it. I know your father. He is a proud man, and a breath of scandal would kill him. He is trying to secure a baronetcy from the queen, and it is absolutely necessary that he should avoid all notoriety. I am of good family, and I have a fair name in the service. He could secure a worse son-in-law. Do you see my argument?"

"Villain!"

"Not at all. I am a gambler and am playing a desperate game. I must win and I will. I intend to keep you here in a cave I defy anybody to find until I secure a promise from your father of complete immunity from punishment. Then I will marry you. And we will live happy ever after. Now oblige me by submitting quietly, Lorna. Come."

During FitzJames' explanation, Clif had not been idle. Watching his chance he cautiously extended his arms unseen and loosened Joy's bonds. Then he whispered to that lad:

"I am going to try a desperate scheme, chum. If we do not make a break now we may not have another chance."

The two cadets sprang up simultane-

ously. Joy, snatching the club he had mentioned, gave the surprised Romayne such a blow across the face that the artilleryman was sent headlong from the launch to the sandy beach.

At the same moment Clif fairly leaped upon FitzJames. He knew that the lieutenant was armed with a revolver, and that he must not be permitted to draw it.

Completely taken by surprise, FitzJames offered no immediate resistance, and Clif's onslaught sent him feeling backward over the gunwale.

He fell with a loud splash into the shallow water of the little inlet. Before he could rise Clif was upon him again.

By that time Joy had finished his man. With a whoop he sprang to his friend's aid.

Totally forgetting the fact that he was endangering his reputation for "peace," the lanky cadet gave FitzJames a thump with his club that made him see stars.

Then the two lads calmly proceeded to bind him in such a manner that he was thoroughly helpless.

Lorna and Rene had watched the proceedings with mingled hope and fear. When it was finally settled, the latter fairly overwhelmed Clif and Joy with praise and thanks.

"We owe more than our lives to you," said Lorna, simply, "and it will not be forgotten."

"I hope we will not be forgotten," replied Clif, gallantly. "As for what we have done, it was only what any man would do. Now let us get away from here as quickly as possible."

Joy tried to get Peter to examine the launch's engines, but the old man was still dazed and helpless.

They were compelled to abandon the idea of repairing the machinery, and to trust to the sail boat. The latter was a very small craft, not capable of carrying the whole party, so it was decided to leave the two lieutenants behind.

"They'll be here when the police come for them," said Clif, grimly, as he assisted Lorna into the boat.

Five minutes later the little party of five were sailing gayly from the inlet. Joy waved his hand toward the prostrate

officers and shouted condolences in a cheerful voice.

Shark Island was the last of a chain extending to the mouth of St. George's harbor. There were at least a score in the group, the majority being of small size.

Clif soon made the rather annoying discovery that he did not know the way back to the harbor, Lorna and Rene were also ignorant.

"We'll have to sail on and trust to luck," decided the young leader. "It must be somewhere in that direction."

"Try a turn around that island ahead," suggested Joy. "We may see something."

This was done, but on passing the island in question the party found itself more mixed than ever.

It required several tacks to get out of the cul-de-sac thus entered, and it was fully a half-hour before a clear course was again reached.

Suddenly, while the boat was skirting the shore of a wooded islet, Rene gave a little scream and pointed to a triangular-shaped object rapidly approaching. It was the dorsal fin of a monster shark.

In much less time than is taken in the writing, the great brute was within a few feet of the boat.

Somewhat startled, Clif turned the craft away and was on the point of going about when a sharp cry of warning came from Joy, who was in the bow.

"Hard over! hard over, or we'll be on a reef!"

Clif swung the tiller a second too late; the boat struck the submerged rock with great force and amid the sound of rending timbers, capsized.

At the same moment a naptha launch shot from behind a rocky islet a short distance away. It contained two persons, Lieutenants FitzJames and Romayne.

The former was standing in the bow with a revolver grasped in his right hand. As he caught sight of the capsized craft he cried, exultantly.

"There they are! there they are! Hurrah! we've got them again!"

(THE END.)

The sequel to this story, entitled "Clif Faraday's Triumph; or, A Hard Earned Victory," will be published in the next number (28) of Army and Navy.



Mark Mallory's Bargain ;

OR,

The Story of the Stolen Treasure.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

WATCHING THE TREASURE.

"Any news yet?"

"Nothing. I guess they're waiting till night to move it."

"Do you suppose they knew the burglars were after it last night?"

"No, I don't. They haven't the least idea of it, I'm sure. I heard Bull Harris talking about it this afternoon."

The speakers were cadets at the West Point Military Academy, members of the new fourth, or "plebe" class. There were seven of them altogether; they were waiting for a summons to drill and sitting in one of the tents of the summer encampment of the corps. The cadet who was answering the questions was a sturdy, handsome lad about eighteen years of age, Mark Mallory by name. He had just entered the tent as the conversation before mentioned began.

"Bull Harris will never get that treasure away from us," he continued. "That is, not unless he has more sense than I think he has. Bull is a yearling, and he is busy all day, nearly the same as we; so I think he'll try to move it at night. We can watch him then, and stand a fair show to get it back. You see it was only night before last last that he stole it from our cave, and I think he's pretty sure we haven't found it out yet. We've been careful not to awaken any suspicions."

"Keerful!" echoed one of the others, Jeremiah Powers, the ex-cowboy from Texas. "Durnation, I don't see whar the keerful part is. We stole over thar to the hotel last night an' went up to the room and tried to run off with it. An' ef some-

body hadn't a seen us, we'd a had it, too."

"Bull Harris has small idea that those desperate burglars were his old plebe enemies the Seven Devils," laughed Mark. "I heard him talking about the burglars to the cadets this morning. He said he thought they had come up from Highland Falls and—"

The conversation was cut short just then by the rattle of a drum, which caused the plebes to spring up and hustle out of the tent in a hurry, to "fall in" for the morning drill in evolutions, which ended the plotting, for that hour at least.

The Seven Devils, to which Mark Mallory had alluded, was a secret society gotten up among West Point plebes for the purpose of preventing hazing, a purpose which by this time they had practically achieved. The treasure about which there had been so much trouble was a chest of five dollar gold pieces, accidentally found by them in a cave back in the mountains. They had left it there a while, not knowing how to remove it; in the interim a member of the yearling class had happened upon the spot and that was the last the seven had seen of their gold.

This yearling was "Bull" Harris, always their dreaded enemy. He had been Mark Mallory's rival since the day of the plebe's admission. Bull was a low-minded, brutal sort of a chap, and he had no compunctions of conscience as to the treasure and his right to it. He and his cousin had taken it down to the hotel and hidden it in the latter's room.

The night before the opening of this story, the Seven Devils, those we saw in

the tent, had made a desperate effort to recover the money. They had looked so very much like burglars, however, that they had deceived one of their friends in the hotel, Grace Fuller; she had given the alarm and frightened the plebes nearly to death. They had reached camp with a dozen yelling pursuers at their heels, and had hidden in their tents just in time to turn out again and join in the burglar-hunt that followed.

The treasure was still in the hotel. By way of penance for her last night's stupidity, Grace Fuller had volunteered to see that the chest was not carried from the place that day without the plebes learning of it. Mark Mallory had been over to inquire a short while ago; his report had been as stated.

He was mistaken, however, in his idea that the yearling had no idea who the burglars were. Young Chandler (that was Bull Harris's cousin) had picked up a revolver dropped in the hall by "Texas." Texas hadn't missed it; he had too many for that. But this one had his initials on it, and Chandler had "caught on" to the state of affairs in no time. So Bull did know that he was watched, and he was using all his cunning to outwit his unsuspecting enemies. Fifty thousand dollars was a stake worth playing hard for, and Bull held the highest trump, too, in the shape of that bit of evidence with which to convict Texas of burglary.

That was the state of the case, briefly summarized, for those who have bad memories.

It remained the state likewise all through the day. Chandler still held on to that damning revolver, with the "J. P." on the hilt. Likewise to the box of treasure in the corner of his room. And he and Bull were busily plotting a way to remove it to safety, and if possible get its real owners into trouble besides. Bull thought they might make another effort to steal it. "It would be just like the fools," said he, "and if they do, they won't get away quite so easily again."

Bull had a decided advantage in the matter, as you may easily see. He was working with his eyes open. He knew the situation. The seven, on the other hand, were blinded by their supposition

that they were unwatched and unsuspected.

Moreover, Bull had what Texas would have called the "drop" on them with that gun.

He was going to cap the climax by getting the treasure safely out of reach; then he calculated that his long sought revenge over Mark Mallory would be obtained.

Bull watched Mark and his "gang" slyly during the day. Bull hated each and every individual member of that gang with all the concentrated hatred of which he was capable. Mark Mallory had foiled and outwitted him at every turn—the wild and woolly Texan had thrashed him once; "Indian," the fat and timid "kid" from Indianapolis, had gotten mad one day and interrupted one of Bull's hazing bees, attacking the yearling with a fury that had knocked him off his feet.

Then there was "the Parson," long-legged, lanky and learned, the geological genius from Boston. The Parson was one of the most inoffensive scholars this world has ever made, but he did object to being tied in a sack "like a member of the Turkish harem," as he vividly described it. And when Bull tried that, the Parson had a fit and put his classical and geological muscles at work on Bull's nose.

Then came "B'gee" Dewey, a merry and light-hearted youngster with a laugh that put everybody in a good humor. Not so Bull; Dewey had once had the nerve to refuse to climb a tree because Bull said to, and had given Bull two black eyes during the scrimmage that followed. Besides these there were "Chauncey, the dude," and "Sleepy, the farmer," who had once attacked Bull and five other yearlings, and who besides this had dared to join Mallory's gang, an unpardonable offense anyhow. Bull Harris had much to revenge, but he thought he was about to make up for all of it in a very brief time.

The day passed without incident to interest us. It was the usual routine of duty for the plebes, with much drilling and very little rest. Grace Fuller kept some one watching Chandler all day with no result; and that is all there is to be said.

The plot began to unfold itself that

night, however. Chandler strolled in to see Bull after supper, a fact which the seven noticed with no small amount of glee.

"He's fixing up something for to-night," they whispered.

That seemed to be the state of affairs for a fact, and the seven made a compact then and there to stay awake and prevent

outasites and gottabites. However that may be, Parson Stanard had found a piece of "hornblend with traces of potassium nitrate manifested." So extraordinary a phenomenon as that could not be allowed to pass unnoticed, especially for any quantity of ordinary twenty-two carat gold with no interest to the chemist whatsoever. The Parson vowed he was



WRENCHING THE STONE FROM THE ASTONISHED MAN, BULL HARRIS BURST OUT OF THE PLACE AND SPED AWAY UP THE ROAD (page 1272).

it if it was the last thing they ever did in their lives.

That is, all of them but one. The one was the Parson. The Parson, it appeared, had been "geologizing" during the morning; he had secured some extraordinary specimens of rocks. There were pyrites and fluorites, belemnites and ammonites, hematites, andalusites and goniatites, to say nothing of hittites and jebusites, added by the facetious Dewey, with

going to analyze that specimen that evening as soon as camp was quiet.

Dewey suggested that evening ought to be pretty good time to test for "nitrates," whereupon the Parson turned away with a solemn look of pain and feil to examining his chemicals. The Parson had discovered a loose board in the flooring of his tent, and with true Bostonian originality he had hidden all his specimens and apparatus under that; the Texan's revol-

vers were there, too, making a most interesting collection of articles altogether.

We must go on to the adventures of the evening. The Parson's chemistry was destined to play a most important part in the affair, but not just at present.

Tattoo sounded, calling the cadets to roll call and bed; taps comes half an hour later, "lights out and all quiet." Then the "tac" inspected and went to bed also, after which the Parson got up, let down his tentwalls, lighted his candle, and set out his array of test-tubes and reagents. Then also Texas got up and stole out of the tent, past the sentry, and over to the hotel.

It had been agreed that the place was to be watched from the distance every moment that night. Texas had put in a claim to be first, and he was on his way to spend an hour hiding in the bushes. Chandler and Bull Harris weren't going to remove that treasure without a "scrap."

As it happened, Texas was not going to have to wait long. It appears that Bull imagined that the seven were going to try burglary again; his plan to fool them was to hide the treasure early, before the people in the hotel were quiet and so before the plebes could do anything. Then, the treasure once out of the way, Chandler might easily trap the plebes. It was quite a clever scheme indeed, and Bull was in a hurry to put it into execution.

He stole out of camp as Texas had done, and stole into the hotel at the rear entrance. At the same moment Texas rose up out of the bushes and sped away toward camp at the top of his speed.

Which was where the excitement began.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEVEN DEVILS IN A TRAP.

Some ten minutes after Bull Harris vanished in the shadow of the hotel, two figures came down the stairs, bearing a heavy burden between them. There was no one in the neighborhood to observe them. They crept out the back door and gently deposited their load upon a wheel barrow that stood near. A moment more and they and the wheelbarrow, too, had disappeared in the shadow of the trees.

At the same instant six figures dashed

past the sentry at the camp and set out to follow swiftly. They were the members of the Seven Devils, minus the chemical Parson. The other two were Chandler and his cousin.

The latter were wary as foxes; they were aware of the fact that they might be followed, and Bull was glancing over his shoulder at every step. But owing to the sentries that patrol the post he had to keep in the dark shadow of the woods by the river front, and that was where the six got their chance to hide. They were cautious, too; even our fat friend Joseph Smith was as silent and stealthy as any genuine "Indian."

Bull and his companion skirted the buildings to the south, and emerged upon the road to Highland Falls. Down this they hurried for a short distance, and then turned into a patch of thick woods just above cadet limits. In the centre of the woods they halted, set down their load and went right to work without further parley. They were going to bury the treasure, where it would be safe beyond possibility of danger.

That was their plan. To be very brief, I may say that they did not get far. Bull had barely had time to plunge his spade into the ground before there came a sound of a snapping twig that made him start as if he had been shot.

It was a dark night, very dark, and the two frightened rascals could distinguish little. But one thing they did see; that was the grinning countenance of the "son o' the Hon. Scrap Powers o' Hurricane County, Texas," at the present moment peering over the barrel of a luminous and voluminous revolver.

There never was a holdup more sudden and complete than that, at least not in the experience of our cowboy friend. Chandler had a revolver in his pocket (the one that Texas had dropped) but he did not dare to make a move to touch it. He was too well aware of Jeremiah Powers' reputation among the cadets. Chandler and Bull could do nothing but stare, and gasp.

It was not part of the programme of the six to keep them in suspense for any time. Texas kept his gun levelled, reinforced by another in his other hand, while Mark and his companions, smiling

cheerfully, stepped out and proceeded to take possession in genuine Dick Turpin style.

In the first place there were the prisoners to be attended to. They were too much confounded and frightened to resist and they speedily found themselves lying flat as pancakes on the ground, tied hand and foot, with handkerchiefs in their mouths for an extra precaution. Then, and then only, Texas shoved his revolvers back where they came from; and the others laid hold of the wheelbarrow and the whole crowd strolled merrily away, whistling meanwhile.

For which please score one for the Seven Devils.

Unfortunately, their triumph was destined to be a very transitory one. I blush to record it of my most cautious and wary friend from Texas, but it is true, and truth must be told. Texas actually forgot to search his man when he held it up! The result was that the revolver, a terrible bit of evidence, was still in Chandler's pocket. But that was not all. So sure were the six plebes of their complete triumph, that they even failed to tie their prisoners apart.

The last of the party had scarcely turned away before Bull, glancing about him with his cunning cat-like eyes, rolled swiftly over until he was at his cousin's side. He bit at the rope that tied the latter's hands; he could not have chewed more savagely if he had hold of Mallory's flesh. Chandler's hands were free in a moment, and it was the work of but a few moments more to whip out his knife and loosen Bull. The sound of the plebe's merry laughter had not died away in the woods before the two were on the trail, creeping stealthily up behind their unsuspecting victims with their load of gold. And Chandler had the revolver in his hand now by way of a precaution.

That tied the score. The end of the first inning.

Not so very far back in the woods on the way to Highland Falls stood an old and dilapidated ice house. Some may remember that ice house; it figured rather prominently in one of Mark Mallory's adventures some time ago. Mark had not been in West Point a week before his cheerful friend Bull had tried to lock him

up in that place so as to have him absent from reveille. Bull had failed, fortunately, and Mark had turned the tables on him. Bull had unpleasant recollections of that ice house ever since.

It was toward that building the six happy and triumphant plebes were heading; Mark had chanced to think of it, and of the fact that its soft sawdust would make a most excellent hiding-place for the wonderful treasure. The plebes could hardly realize that they had that treasure safe. After all the vicissitudes it had been through, all the disappointments and anxiety it had caused them, it seemed to be too good to be true. And they ran their fingers through the chinking contents of the old chest; it was too dark to see it, but they could feel it, and that was enough to make them chuckle for joy.

They were in a particularly jolly humor as they hurried through the woods. Dewey was as lively as a kitten, and was being reminded of jokes enough to take up the rest of this story; and he kept it up until the building they were looking for loomed up in front of them.

The plebes lost no time about the matter; they opened the creaky door and the whole six of them hurried in to superintend the all important burial ceremony.

Their figures had scarcely been lost in the darkness before the other two stole out of the woods and halted at the edge of the clearing. The two were stooping low, creeping with the stealth of camaughts. So silent were they there was not even the snap of a twig to betray them, and when they stopped they scarcely dared breathe as they listened. One of the crouching figures clutched a revolver in his hand; the other's fists were clinched until the nails dug into his flesh. His teeth were set and his eyes gleamed with a hatred and resentment that he alone knew how to feel. Bull Harris felt that his time had come, the time he had waited for for two long months of concentrated yearning.

There were sounds of muffled laughter from inside, and the thud of the spade that some one was using. Bull glanced at his companion.

"Are you ready?" he whispered.

And the other nodded, though his hand shook.

"Are you afraid?" hissed Bull. "It is a risk, for that fiend of a Texan may fight. You may have to shoot. Do you hear me?"

Once more Chandler nodded, and gripped the revolver like a vise.

There was not another word said. The two crouched low and stepped out of the shadow of the bushes. Silently as the shadows themselves they sped across the open space. And then suddenly Bull halted again; for the sound of murmuring voices from inside the little building grew audible as they advanced.

"B'gee, it's a regular Captain Kidd business! I don't think Bull was a success as a Kidd, that is, if you spell it with two d's. He——"

"Say, Mark," interrupted another voice, "do you remember the time that durnation ole coyote tried to lock you in hyar? Dog gone his boots, I bet he don't try that very soon again."

"I'm afraid not," laughed Mark, softly. "Bull had his chance once, but he failed to make the most of it."

And at the words Bull seized his cousin convulsively by the arm and forced him back. Before the other could see what the yearling meant he had sprung forward, gasping with rage. The next instant the heavy door creaked and swung too.

Mark and his allies started back in alarm. Before they could make another move, before they could even think, they heard the rusty lock grate, heard a heavy log jammed against the door to hold it tight.

And then a low, mocking laugh of triumph rang on their ears. Bull Harris' time had come at last.

CHAPTER III.

BUYING THEIR RELEASE.

Our business just now is with Parson Stanard, the scholarly geologist and chemist, sitting all by himself in his silent tent and diligently analyzing his hematites and gottabites and outasights. The Parson made a curious figure; you would have laughed if you could have seen him. A solitary candle gave the

flickering light by which he worked.

The Parson was a trifle agitated about that candle, because, as you know, it is the correct thing for a scholar to burn "midnight oil." The midnight part was all right, but it took a long stretch of the imagination to convert tallow into kerosene. That kind of chemistry was too much for even the Parson.

However, it had to be borne. The Parson was seated in tailor fashion, in spite of which posture he was managing as usual to display his pale, moss-colored socks to the light. He had a row of bottles in a semi-circle about him, like so many soldiers on parade; and at that moment he was engaged in examining a most interesting and complicated filtrate.

Parson Stanard was at the climax of his important night's work. It will be remembered he was testing for potassium nitrate. He had it. He had put some of the substance in the fire and gotten the violet flame he wanted. Then to make sure he reached forward and took one of the bottles.

But the Parson never made that test. If the Seven Devils had seen him at that moment they would assuredly have been frightened, for his face underwent a most startling and amazing transformation. He had picked up the bottle; glanced at its label. And the next instant his eyes seemed fairly to pop up out of his head. His jaw dropped, his hands relaxed, and the wondrous and long-sought powder was scattered over the floor.

The Parson was ordinarily a quick thinker, but it took a time for that thought, whatever it was, with all its horrible import, to flash across his mind. And meanwhile his face was a picture of consternation.

Then suddenly he leaped to his feet with a perfect gasp of horror, knocking the candle over and making the bottles rattle.

"By the thunderbolts of Jove!" he cried. "By the hounds of Diana! By the distaff of Minerva!"

The Parson was striding up and down his tent by this time, utterly regardless of chemistry, geology, and possible discovery in the bargain.

"By the steeds of Apollo!" he muttered. "By the waters of the Styx, by

the sceptre of Zeus, by the cap of Mercury. By the apple of Venus and the bow of Ulyssus! By the nine immortals and the Seven Hills of Rome!——”

At this stage of proceedings the agitated chemist was out in the company street, and striding away in the darkness.

“By the eagle of Ganymede, by the shield of Mars, by the temple of Janus, by the trident of Neptune!”

During this the gentleman was speeding out of camp, causing the sentry, who thought he was crazy, so much alarm that he forgot to challenge. By the time he recovered the Parson was gone and only an echo of his voice remained——

“By the forge of Vulcan, by the cave of Aeolus, by the flames of Vesta!”

Not to continue the catalogue, which it would be found contained all the mythology from Greek and Sanskrit to Hindoo-stanee suffice it to say that the agitated scholar strode straight down the road to Highland Falls with all the speed that a scholar could assume without loss of dignity and breath. Also that he turned off the road at the precise place his comrades had and vanished in the woods.

“They said they were going to bury it in the ice house,” muttered the Parson. “It is there I shall endeavor to intercept them and inform them of this most extraordinary condition of affairs. Yea, by the all-wise, high-thundering Olympian Zeus.

The more excited the Parson got the more Homeric epithets it was his custom to heap upon the helpless head of his favorite divinity; he was very much excited just now.

Fortunately, the Parson did not know just where the ice house was; he had never been to it but once, and he wandered about the woods hunting in vain for at least half an hour. Then he sat down in despair and gasped for breath, and listened. And in that way he was suddenly made aware of the whereabouts of the object of his search.

A sound came to his ears, a loud laugh in the distance.

“Ho, ho! You fools! Dig a tunnel, hey? Ho, ha! Well, suppose you dig it. I’ve a revolver here, and I’ll blow the blamed head off the first man that comes

out. How do you like that. Guess again, Mark Mallory.

The Parson sprang up as if he had sat down on the proverbial haystack with a needle in it. That voice was the voice of the “enemy,” Bull Harris! A moment later the Parson was creeping toward the sound with stealthiness that would have done credit to an Apache.

“We are in the hands of the enemy,” he gasped. “By the all-wise, high-thundering, far-ruling Olympian Zeus!”

“Ho, ho!” roared the voice, nearer now. “Think you can break the door down, hey? Well! well! Guess I’ll have to put a new log against it. How do you like that! That’s right! Whack away! Bully! Keep it up and you may get out by to-morrow night. Ho! ho!”

The unfortunate Zeus got a few more epithets then, and the Parson crept nearer still. In fact, he got so near that peering out of the bushes, he could spy the clearing with the little building and the two figures dancing gaily in front of it. Bull Harris was fairly convulsed with joy.

“I’ve got my revenge!” he roared. “I’ve got it! I told you I’d get it! Didn’t I tell you so? I told you I’d have you B. J. plebes out of here if I died for it. And now my time’s come! Hooray! You’ll be found to-morrow, beyond cadet limits, and out you go. You can’t deny it! How do you like it?”

“You’ll go to, you durnation ole coyote,” growled a smothered voice from the inside.

“Me! Ho, ho! What do I care? I’ve nothing to lose. I’m ready to go. But you—ho, ho! Ask that fool Mallory how he likes it.”

“Very well,” responded a cheery voice. “You must remember that we’ve got the treasure.”

“Much good it’ll do you,” chuckled Bull. “You’ll be in State’s prison in a week or so. Ho, ho! Let’s tell ‘em Chandler. The secret’s too good a one to keep. Ask Texas what became of the revolver he dropped in the hotel last night playing burglar. The revolver with the initials J. P. on it.”

That was a thunderbolt. From the way it struck the horrified prisoners dumb. Bull knew knew it and laughed with yet more malignant glee.

"You can't prove it!" roared Texas furiously.

"Can't I?" chuckled Bull. "You'd hate to have me try. It would take all your gold to get you out of that scrape. I fancy. Ho, ho! Court-martial! States prison! I guess I've got the best of it for once."

"It's the first time," growled Texas.

During all this the Parson had been hiding in the bushes, trembling, gasping, slowly taking in the situation, the dilemma his friends were in. All thoughts of the excitement under which he had originally set out were gone. He was cudgelling his head to see what he was to do to turn the tide of battle.

It was a difficult problem for Chandler had a revolver and the Parson had none. This was evidently a case where cunning and not brute force were to tell, and the Parson knitted his learned brows thoughtfully. Meanwhile the conversation was going on, and taking a new turn. Bull Harris had a proposition.

"I suppose you fellows are ready to acknowledge you're beaten," he sneered. "And I suppose you've got sense enough to see what a fix you're in."

To tell the truth, the whole seven saw it clearly, but they were not ready to acknowledge it to Bull.

"I just want to say," the latter continued, after a moment's pause, "that there's a way for you fools to get out of this. If you don't choose to do it you may as well make up your minds to stay all night."

"I suppose," responded Mark, laughing at this introduction to a very obvious offer. "I suppose you think we're going to let you get hold of our treasure. I suppose you think we'll purchase our freedom with that."

"That's what I do," said Bull, "else you stay."

"We'll stay," laughed Mark, coolly. "And you can go to blazes."

This proposition was not lost upon the Parson, lying in the bushes outside. The Parson had drunk in every word of it and for some reason began to gasp and wriggle with suppressed excitement as he realized the meaning of the offer. As Mark spoke the last time the Parson slid back into the woods and stole softly

around to the rear of the little building.

A few moments later Mark, to his astonishment, heard a faint whisper in one of the crevices at the back. "Say, Mark!" That voice Mark would have known had he heard it in China. He ran to the spot and there was a minute's quick conversation. At the end of it the Parson turned and crept away again unseen by the two in front.

Perhaps five minutes later Bull Harris, who was still crowing merrily, was electrified to learn that the plebes had reconsidered their first defiance—that the gold was his!

"I guess we'll have to give it up," said Mark, briefly. "You've got us, and that's all that there is to it."

"Do you mean," cried Bull, unable to hide his joy, "that if we let you out and give you the revolver you are willing to give up the treasure altogether?"

"Yes," said Mark. "We are."

"But how am I to trust you?" demanded Bull. "If I open the door how do I know you won't—?"

"I've said I won't!" interrupted Mark with angry emphasis. "You know me, I guess."

It was a funny thing. Bull himself would have lied all day without his conscience troubling him. But somehow or other he was sure that Mark wouldn't. In spite of his cousin's protestations he stepped forward, removed the barricades and turned the key.

The six plebes came out, looking sheepish enough. Texas received his lost revolver meekly, though he felt like braining Bull with it. A minute later the six hurried off into the woods, leaving Bull and his cousin to gloat for hours over the chest of gold they left inside.

Truly, it was a triumph for Bull.

CHAPTER IV.

BULL HARRIS REAPS HIS REWARD.

It was the evening of the following day, and the scene was Highland Falls. It was about twelve o'clock at night, to be more exact as to time; as to place, the scene was a low tavern on the road side.

This hour was long after the time that cadets are supposed to be in their tents asleep, but as we have seen cadets do not

always do as they are supposed to. It is safe to say that in spite of all the talk about the severity of West Point discipline, if the commandant of cadets should take it into his head to wander through Camp McPherson every night for a week running he would find some things to surprise him. He might not find any geological chemists hard at work, but he might find a small game of cards going on on the sly, and he'd be sure to find a surreptitious banquet or two. He might also see occasional parties steal past an obliging sentry who was looking the other way. It is probable, however, that none of this would surprise him very much, for he did it all himself in his day.

There are always bolder and more reckless spirits who are ever ready for such a lark, enjoying it in proportion to the risk they run. There are always some among these who think it manly to drink and smoke and frequent low places; it is upon one of these latter assemblages that we are about to look in. We must not mind a rather unpleasant odor of bad tobacco, or a still more unpleasant odor of bad language.

It is quite needless to say that one of the crowd was Bull Harris; it would be hard to find a crowd of cadets amusing themselves as these were without Bull among them. This, tavern, was the regular resort of him and his "gang" on occasions when they visited Highland Falls. It has not been mentioned before because the less said about such places the better.

Bull liked this place for many reasons. It was quiet and there was nobody to disturb them. Then, too, the proprietor, a fat Irishman, known as "Jake," was a man who told no secrets and minded his own business, thus keeping an ideal place for a crowd of young "gentleman" to come for a lark. Bull was there to-night, and what was more important he was acting as host. Bull was "blowing off" his friends.

There was first his cousin Chandler, whom we know; then there was Gus Murray, who needs but little introduction. As an ally and worshipper of Bull and a malignant enemy of Mark Mallory's, Gus Murray yielded to no one, with the possible exception of Merry

Vance, the shallow and sour-faced youth on his right. The cause of Merry's pessimistic complexion we once guessed to be indigestion; inasmuch as he was just then pouring down his seventh dose of bad brandy a revision of this surmise will be allowed. To complete the party, there was one more, a very small one, our young friend, Baby Edwards, a sweet-tempered little sneak who had not even manliness enough to be vicious.

When we peered in the party was in full swing. Baby Edwards had half gone to sleep, having drunk two glasses of beer. Bull had just completed for the third time a graphic description of how that Mallory had been duped, a story which was a never failing source of interest and hilarity to the rest, who were whacking their glasses on the table and cheering merrily, in fact so merrily that the cautious proprietor was forced to come to the door and protest.

"How much did you say it was worth?" demanded Vance, after the man had gone away again.

"Fifty thousand dollars," chuckled Bull. "Fifty thousand if a cent. Fill 'em up, boys. Chandler and I calculated it weighed two hundred pounds. Whoop!"

Merry's eyes glistened feverishly as he listened, whether from brandy or from what he heard it would be hard to say.

"Whereabouts is it now?" demanded he. "Are you sure Mallory can't get it?"

"Dead sure," laughed Bull. "Do you suppose I'd be fool enough to let Mallory sneak up behind me twice. Not much! It's safe."

"Where abouts?"

"Oh, it's buried up here in the woods a piece," said the other, cautiously. "It's where we can get it any time we want to. Oh, say, but it's fine to know you're rich—no trouble about paying any confounded bills. And that Irish villain Jake can't kick because we drink more than we can pay for. Whoop! Help yourselves!"

The others were helping themselves for all they were worth. It seldom happened to that crowd to get a chance such as this, and cadet duties might go to blazes in the meantime. They were singing and shouting and fast getting themselves into

a very delightful state, indeed, keenly enjoying themselves every minute of the time, so they thought.

Fun like that can't last very long, however. Baby Edwards went to sleep as I said; it is to be hoped he dreamed of better things. Merry Vance got quiet and stupid also, while Gus Murray waxed cross and ugly. So pretty soon Bull concluded it was time to go home. Anybody who glanced at the bottles scattered about on the floor and table would have thought so too.

At this stage of the game Jake bowed himself in. Jake was usually a Nemesis, an undesired person altogether, for he came to collect. But Bull didn't mind this time.

"I wants me money," began the man, surlily, gazing about him at the scene of destruction. "An' what's more, I wants to say you fellows has got to make less noise here nights. I ain't goin' to have my license taken away for no cadet. See?"

Bull gazed at him sneeringly during this discourse.

"Anything more?" he demanded.

"Yes, there is. You fellers ain't a-comin' here no more till you pays yer bills. This is the third time you've tried to let 'em run, an' by thunder I ain't a-goin' to stand it. I don't believe you've got no money anyhow, an' I'm goin' to stop this——"

"Oh, shut up, confound you!" broke in Bull, impatiently. "Who the deuce asked you to trust them? Don't be a fool! Take that and shut up your mouth."

These not over polite remarks came as Bull flung three or four of the five-dollar gold pieces with a lordly air onto the table. The fellow eyed them greedily, then gathered them up and left the room.

Bull turned to rouse his companions, chuckling to himself as he did so.

"Come on, boys," said he. "Get up there and hustle."

Baby Edwards, having been kicked unceremoniously to the floor, got up growling: Merry Vance likewise wanted to fight Gus, who woke him. But the five got started finally and made for the door. Beyond that however, they did not get,

for there they encountered the brawny form of Jake.

"Stop!" said he, briefly.

"What the dickens do you want now?" demanded Bull.

The other extended his hand, in which lay the coins.

"Don't want 'em," said he.

Bull stared at him in amazement.

"Don't want 'em!" he echoed. "In the name of Heaven why not?"

"No good," said the other, sententiously.

The effect of those two words upon Bull was like that of a bullet; he staggered back against the wall, gasping, his eyes fairly starting out of his head. The others understood dimly and turned pale.

It took several minutes for that idea to dawn upon Bull Harris in all its frightful horror. When he realized it he sprang forward with a shriek.

"No good!" he cried. "Great Heavens, man, what do you mean?"

The proprietor's response was brief but effective. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out a shining stone. He rubbed it against the gold and held it up so that Bob might see the color that resulted.

"Tain't gold," said he. "It's counterfeit."

Bull staggered back against the wall again. Counterfeit! Counterfeit! He saw it all now! Saw why Mallory had given it up! Saw what a fool he—Bull Harris—had been! Saw that he had let them out of the trap, given them the weapon, the only proof. Let them go in safety, leaving him a chest full of brass. It made Bull sick to think of it. Oh, surely it could not be true!

Another thought flashed over him then. Why had Mallory fought so for it, why been so reluctant to give it up? No, it must be genuine! It must be a mistake! Perhaps those few were bad, but all the coins could not be. Trembling with dread, Bull sprang forward, wrenched the stone from the hand of the astonished "Jake," burst out of the place, and sped away up the road.

The man was at his heels at this effort to dodge him without paying. Behind him rushed the other four, frightened and sobered by this terrible blow. But Bull's

anxiety lent speed to him and he easily outdistanced the crowd.

When they came up on him again they found him in the woods on his knees, digging savagely in the ground with his fingers. In response to his shouts and curses they flung themselves down to help him, while the breathless Irishman stood by and stared in amazement.

Bull was in a frenzy. He fairly tore his way down to the chest and seizing it by the handles, jerked it out with the strength of a Hercules. He flung back the lid, jerked the bit of rock from his pocket, and seized a handful of the coins.

A moment more and he staggered back, and sank to the ground limp and helpless.

The chest of gold was worthless.

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We must revert to the conversation of the seven the night before, for the benefit of those who are curious. Mark and his friends as they disappeared in the woods were joined by the solemn Parson. You may believe that it was a merry crowd.

"Look here, Parson," demanded Mark, the first thing. "Are you sure that money is no good?"

"Sure?" echoed the Parson. "Sure as I am that the most reliable and mathematical of all the sciences is true. Perhaps you will wish gentlemen, that I explain to you the most extraordinary state of affairs. I shall do so, yea, by Zeus. I feel that I owe it to myself by way of explanation of a most unaccountable—ahem—blunder I have made."

The Parson drew a long breath and continued.

"Gentlemen," said he, "when first we set out upon that treasure hunt I took with me two bottles of acid. One was a test for the presence of argenic compounds, that is, silver, and the other for what is popularly designated gold. In the excitement of the discovery of the chest, to my everlasting humiliation be it said, that I used the wrong acid. The reaction I got proved the presence of copper. I thought it was gold."

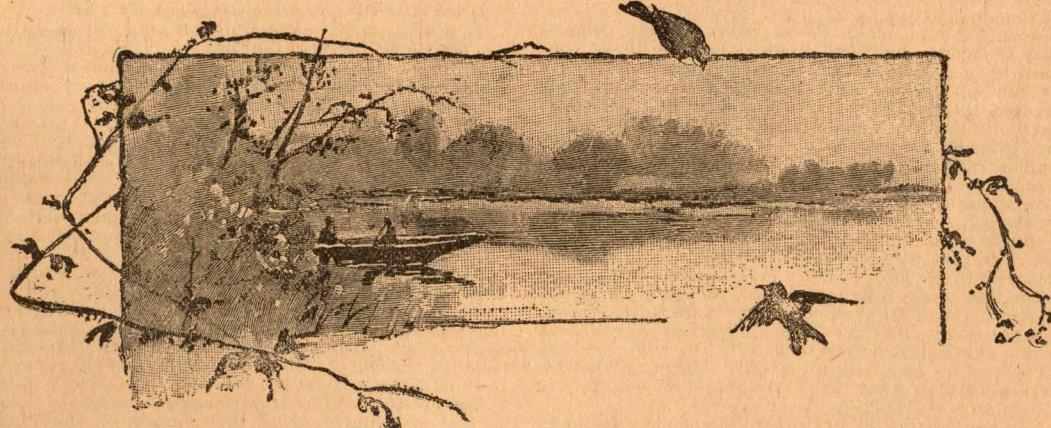
After this extraordinary speech of self-abnegation the Parson bowed his head in shame. It was at least a minute before he could muster the courage to go on. Truly that had been a frightful blunder for an analytical chemist to make.

"To-night," he continued at last, "I was testing for potassium, and I reached for that bottle of gold reagent. I expected to find it half empty. I found it full, and I knew in an instant that I could not have used a drop of it. Gentlemen, that told me the story of my error. I shall do penance for it as long as I may live."

"Which is the explanation of the Parson's strange conduct, and the end of the history of the counterfeiter's gold.

[THE END.]

The next West Point story will be entitled "A Midnight Hazing; or, Mark Mallory's Revenge," by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.



The Cryptogram

A STORY OF
NORTH-WEST CANADA

BY

WM. MURRAY GRAYDON

Author of "A Legacy of Peril," "In Forbidden Nepaul," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE SAVING OF GREY MOOSE.

THREE long had in mind to set down the story of my early life, and now, as I draw pen and paper to me for the commencement of the task, I feel the inspiration of those who write straight from the heart. It is unlikely that this narrative will ever appear in print, but if it does the reader may rely on its truthfulness and accuracy from beginning to end, strange and incredulous though parts of it may seem.

Thirty years ago! It is a long time, but the magic power of memory laughs at wider gulfs. Every incident comes back to me with the vividness and clearness of yesterday. I hear the echo of voices that have been silent these many years. Dead faces, some smiling and some looking fierce haired, take dim shape in the corners of the room.

Beyond the open window, where birds are twittering in the overhanging ivy, an English landscape of meadow and woodland, hills and hamlets, rolls far in the sunshine of a June morning. It is the year 1846, in the reign of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. I close my eyes, and I am back in another world. I see the Great Lone Land—its rivers and lakes, its plains and peaks, its boundless leagues of wilderness stretching from sea to sea. I sniff the fragrant odors of snow-clad birch and pine, of marsh-pools glimmering in the dying glow of a summer sun. I hear the splash of paddles and the glide of sledge-runners, the patter of flying moose and deer, and the scream of the hungry panther. I feel the weird, fascinating spell of the solitude and silence.

The Great Lone Land! Truly, to those who have known it, a name to conjure with! As it was then so it remains to-day, that vast, mysterious, romantic realm of the Canadas. The territory of the Hudson Bay Company, chartered remotely and by Royal warrant when Charles II. was king; the home of the Red Indian and the voyageur, the half-breed trapper and hunter, the gentlemen adventurers of England, Scotland and France; a land of death by Indian treachery and grizzlies, starvation and freezing, snowslides and rapids; a mighty wilderness, with canoes and sledges for the vehicles of travel and commerce, and forest trails joining the scattered trading-posts.

There I, Denzil Carew, was born. There was my home from the cradle to manhood, and there my story lies. In that wild country I was nurtured and bred, schooled in the lore of the woods, taught to shoot and swim, to bear fatigue and to navigate dangerous waters. Nor did I grow up in ignorance of finer arts, for my father, Bertrand Carew, was an Englishman and a gentleman, and he took pains to give me the benefit of his own education and culture. Who his people were, or what had brought him out to the Canadas, were things he never told me.

My mother was the daughter of a company factor in charge of Fort Beaver. I do not remember her, for she died when I was a year old. At the factor's death my father succeeded to the post, and ten years later he was killed by a treacherous Indian. Fort Beaver was

then abandoned, a new post having been recently built, seventy miles farther north. This was Fort Royal, on the Churchill river, one hundred miles south of Hudson's Bay, and I went there as assistant-factor—I had already worn the company's uniform for three years.

At that time I was twenty years old—very tall, and built in proportion, with light hair and eyes, and a mustache in which I took some pride. I knew as much of the wilderness and the fur trade as any voyageur, and I had been twice to Quebec and other towns of Lower Canada.

I liked the life at Fort Royal and I liked the factor, Griffith Hawke. We got on well together, and I performed my duties to his satisfaction. Thus five years passed away, and the closing of that uneventful period brings me to the opening proper of my story—to the mission that sent me five hundred miles down country in the dead of winter to Fort Garry, where the town of Winnipeg now stands, and thence more than a thousand miles eastward to Quebec. Concerning the purpose of the journey I shall speak later, but it was not a thing to my taste or experience.

Distinctly I recall that frosty morning of March in the year 1815. The picture of life and color, breaking on a scene of wintry grandeur and solitude, rises before my eyes. I see the frozen, snow-covered waste of the Lake of the Woods, the surrounding evergreen forests and towering hills, the low leaden sky overhead. Along the edge of the scrubby-timbered shore five husky dogs come at a trot, harnessed in single file to a sledge. The dogs are short-legged and very hairy, with long snouts, sharp-pointed ears, and the tails of wolves; the sledge is a simple toboggan made of two pieces of birch nine feet in length, their ends turned high in front. Buckskin thongs hold the load in place, and at either side of this vehicle of the woods a brightly-clad figure on snow-shoes glides swiftly.

Of the two men, one was myself, and the other was my half breed servant Baptiste. I wore the winter uniform of the Hudson Bay Company—a furred leather coat lined with flannel, a belt of scarlet worsted, breeches of smoked buckskin, moccasins of moose-hide, and blue cloth leggings. A fur cap was on my head, and a strip of Scotch plaid about my neck. Baptiste was dressed like all the company's voyageurs and hunters, in a blue capote, red flannel shirt, beaded corduroy trousers and fringed leggings, and a cap decked out with feathers. We each carried a musket and a hunting knife, a powder horn, and a bullet pouch.

Fort Garry, where we had stopped for a few days after a fortnight's steady travel from the Churchill river, was a week's journey behind us, and we were likely to be another month in the wilderness before we should reach Quebec. But we liked the wild life better than the turmoil of towns, Baptiste and I, and we were in no haste to have done with it. The strange thing that was taking me to Quebec would not be ripe for accomplishment until the coming of the tardy June spring of the Canadas, which was as yet eight or nine weeks off.

The weather was bitterly cold that March day, and we kept the dogs at such a pace that by noon we had

covered a matter of twenty miles. Then, as we were speeding along the frozen river that leads from the Lake of the Woods to Lake Superior, we heard the report of a musket, followed by the cry of a human voice and the growl of a beast. Baptiste and I stopped and at a word the dogs stood still and barked with uplifted snouts. The sound had come from close by on our left, but now we heard only a faint and receding patter on the snow-crust.

"Nom de Dieu, there are two running!" cried Baptiste. "It is a chase."

"And the dogs smell a bear," I replied. "I am off to the rescue, Baptiste. Do you wait here with the sledge, and if I shout for help, come quickly."

With that I turned and made into the forest, unslinging my musket as I ran. Fifty yards through scrub and timber brought me to a spot that bore the imprint of big claws and moccasined feet. Here were a few drops of blood on the snow, and the parts of a broken gun lying near. I had no need to follow the trail, for as I pushed on with great strides the noise of a struggle guided me straight.

It was but a short distance further. Breaking from the trees into a rugged hollow, I came upon a thrilling scene. An Indian had sought refuge in a shallow crevice between two tall boulders, and he was in sore peril of his life from a monstrous grizzly that was striving to tear him out. The bear—I had never seen a larger one—was dealing blow after blow with his heavy paws, and the redskin was making the best use of his knife that his cramped position would allow. The clamor of beast and man made a blood-curdling din.

I mastered the situation at a glance and vowed to save the Indian. I was as likely to hit him as the bear from where I stood, so I circled quickly around to one side. But the grizzly both heard and smelt me, and I had scarcely lifted my musket when he turned with a snarl of rage, and came at me. I aimed and fired.

Bang!

It is difficult to kill a grizzly with a single shot, and as the smoke drifted aside I saw the brute advancing on hind legs. His eyes were like balls of fire, his open jaws dripped foam, and he roared horribly with pain and anger. Blood was trickling from a wound close to the heart, made by my bullet, and there was another bleeding hole in his neck.

I had no chance to reload, and there was barely time to flee. But my temper was up, and it drove me to a reckless determination. I stood my ground for an instant, while the grizzly shambled on, pawing viciously at the air. Then I drew my long-bladed knife, darted out of the way, and as swiftly turned and struck under the outstretched fore-feet. It was a foolish trick, and my agility barely saved me from a crushing blow. As it was, I had to leave the knife sticking deep in the wound. But the thrust had gone straight to the heart, and I gave a yell of delight as the great beast came down with a crash. He lay quite still after a brief struggle that churned the snow-crust to powder.

The bear was dead, and my first step was to withdraw the knife and wipe it clean. Then, having shouted to Baptiste, I approached the crevice just as the Indian crawled out. Too weak to rise, he propped himself against a rock. He was bleeding profusely from a dozen wounds. His shirt of buffalo skin, his breech-clout, his fringed leggings of antelope, all had been ripped to tatters by the grizzly's claws; his feathered scalp-lock was half torn from his head, and one shoulder was mangled.

I was full of pity at the first, but my heart hardened when I recognized the savage. He was Grey Moose, a Sioux of much influence, and he and his people were said to be carrying on underhand dealings with the Northwest Company, which was the great and dangerous rival of the Hudson Bay Company. We were known to each other, having met before on several occasions. Whether the above rumor was true or not, I was aware to a certainty that he held the Hudson Bay men in no favor; and I half regretted that I had saved his life.

"How came you in such straits?" I asked, coldly.

He explained in a few words, and in fairly good English. The grizzly had come upon him unawares, and in his haste to fire he had inflicted only a slight wound. Then he fled, and took shelter in the rock cranny as a last resort.

"The red man is grateful to Pantherfoot," he concluded, addressing me by a name which my skill atacking game had won for me among the Indians.

"Grey Moose will not forget. Now let white man go his way."

But it was not in my nature to leave the poor wretch wounded and helpless, and I told him so. On questioning him, I learned that a village of his people was within a few miles, and I decided to take him there. By this time Baptiste had arrived with the team, and after dressing the Sioux's injuries as well as I could, I fixed him comfortably on the sledge, the half breed and I shouldering the displaced part of the load.

On the way my servant had picked up the broken musket, and when Grey Moose saw that the weapon was beyond mending—the grizzly had shattered it by a terrific blow—such a look of misery came into his eyes as softened my heart at once. I knew the value an Indian set on his shooting-piece, and I gave him an extra gun which I chanced to have on the sledge. Baptiste upbraided me for my folly, and, indeed, I repented the act the next moment; but the savage's gratitude was so sincere that I could not bring myself to take back the gift.

An hour's tramp—the direction was quite out of our way—brought us to the Sioux village. We left Grey Moose with his friends, and pushed on, refusing an invitation to spend the night. I attached no significance to the affair at the time, nor did I give it much thought afterward, but the future was destined to prove that my trivial deed of kindness was not wasted, and that even a bad Indian will remember a benefactor.

I need make no further mention of our journey through the wilderness to Quebec, where we arrived safely in a little less than four weeks. But at this point, for the better understanding of my narrative, I must set down a brief statement of the ugly and threatening situation in the Canadas at the period of which I write. Long before—during many years, in fact—the Hudson Bay Company had vainly tried to obtain from the English Parliament a confirmation of the charter granted them by Charles II. But Parliament refused to decide the matter in one way or the other, and on the strength of this a number of French and Scotch merchants of Upper Canada formed themselves into the Northwest Trading Company in 1783. They established posts here and there, and in 1804 they erected one on the very shore of Hudson's Bay.

Within the next few years their forts grew to outnumber those of the older company, being scattered about in Prince Rupert's Land, and even across the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia. Then, in 1812, the Hudson Bay Company made a bold move. Lord Selkirk, a prominent official of the company in London, sent out a large colony of Scotchmen who had been evicted from their homes in Sutherlandshire. He hoped thus to build up a stronghold and seat of government that would brook no rivalry. The colonists came and settled at Fort Garry, at the forks of the Red River; but matters grew worse instead of better. Each company claimed to be in the right, and was resolved to drive the other out of existence. During the next few years the men of the Northwest Company and of the Hudson's Bay Company came to blows more than once, and finally, in October of 1814, the Northwest Company were ordered to remove from the territory within six months—a mandate which they treated with contempt and derision.

It was early in the following year, the reader will recall, that Baptiste and I left Fort Churchill for Lower Canada, and from what we had seen at and around Fort Garry when we stopped there, we were satisfied that serious trouble was brewing, and that it would break out when navigation opened in the spring. We knew that the Northwest Company were plotting to secure the aid of the Indians, and we were also aware that the feeling throughout Lower Canada—even among the Government officials—was strongly in favor of the Hudson Bay Company's enemies.

Such being the situation, I was naturally anxious to get back to my post as soon as possible; for though I was not so hot-headed as to wish for war, I was ready to fight for the supremacy of the company I served, and which my father had served before me. But I foresaw with distaste that I should probably be detained in Quebec until the summer months—since I was to await the arrival of a certain ship from England—and I entered that town with but a poor zest for my task.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOTEL IN BONAVENTURE STREET.

It was nine o'clock on a Monday evening in the fourth week of June, and I was sitting, as was my nightly custom, in the cosy coffee-room of the modest hostelry where I had taken lodgings when I first came to Quebec. This was the Hotel Silver Lily, kept by Monsieur Jules Ragoul and madame, his wife. It was a quiet little place in Bonaventure street, which was one of the oldest and narrowest thoroughfares of the lower town.

I was alone in the room, save for an elderly man who was sound asleep in a big chair on the far side of the table, remote from the candle light. He had been there when I entered, and I could not recall having seen him before about the hotel; but of this I was not certain, since his face was in shadow and half covered by his hat. In the adjoining bar, to judge from the clinking of glasses and bottles and the hum of conversation, Madame Ragoul was busy with a few customers. The evening was warm, and as I sat by the open window sucking at my long pipe, I could hear on the one side the occasional challenge of the sentries high up on the ramparts of the citadel. From the other direction came the boisterous voices of boatmen and sailors down by the quays of the St. Lawrence.

Two long months had passed since my arrival in Quebec. I was heartily tired of its noisy, brawling life, hungry for the solitude of my native wilderness. At first I had found much to see and enjoy, but the novelty soon wore off. I had but few acquaintances in the town, and none of them were to my fancy. I preferred the seclusion of the hotel, and the company of the honest little Frenchman and his wife. Not so with Baptiste. He had fallen in with a loose set of his own kind, and frequented the low taverns by the riverside. That very evening I had brought him home helplessly drunk, and seen him safely abed.

But before I go on, if you please, a word or two concerning the business that brought me to Quebec. I have spoken of Griffith Hawke, the factor of Fort Royal. He was a man of fifty-odd years, simple-hearted, absorbed in his duties, and with not a spark of romance or sentiment in his being. Would you believe that such a one could think of marriage? Yet it was even so! A wife he suddenly resolved to have, and he sent for one to the head office in London, as was a common custom in those days. Many a woman was sent out by the company to cheer the lonely lot of their employees.

To be brief, a correspondence was carried on for two years between Fort Royal and London—that meant but a couple of letters on either side—and the result of it was that I was now in Quebec to meet the bride of Griffith Hawke and escort her to her distant home.

She was due in the early summer, being a passenger on the ship Good Hope. I was to put her in the care of Madame Ragoul, and we were both to sail for Hudson's Bay at the first opportunity in one of the company's vessels. The factor had not been able to leave his post for so long a time, and he had sent me on this errand with evident reluctance. He would meet us at Fort York, where there was a priest to perform the marriage ceremony.

As I have said before, the task was not to my liking. Love was a word without meaning to me. I knew nothing of women, and had reached the age of twenty-five without giving a thought to the other sex. I was completely ignorant of the purport of the letters that had passed between Griffith Hawke and the head office, and as I never questioned him about particulars, he never vouchsafed me any. I naturally expected to meet a middle-aged dame who would make a suitable partner for the prosaic factor, and would adapt herself to the crude life and customs of the lonely trading-post.

A mission of adventure and deadly peril would have been more to my taste, but this strange enterprise was put upon me in the capacity of a company's servant, and I was resolved to carry out my instructions to the best of my ability. I was pondering the matter as I sat in the hotel that June night, and reflecting, with some relief, that I should not be much longer detained in Quebec, for the Good Hope was expected in port at any day or hour.

Having finished my third pipe, I knocked the ashes out gently so as not to disturb my still sleeping companion. I rose to my feet, stifling a yawn, and just

then a man entered the room from the bar, closing the door behind him. While he stood hesitating, I took in his appearance by a brief glance. He was tall, slim and wiry, with tawny yellow hair worn long, and thick, drooping mustache. His eyes were of a cold steel-blue, and his face, though very handsome, had something sinister and fierce about it. From his attire I judged him at once to be a polished man of the world, who had seen other lands than the Canadas. He wore a lace-trimmed coat of buff, breeches of the same material, top boots of tanned buckskin, and a broad felt hat of a claret color. For the rest, a sword dangled at his side, and a brace of pistols peeped from his belt. He looked about fifty, and by his flushed countenance I saw that he was more or less under the influence of liquor.

I noted all this even before the man drew closer. Then, seeing me clearly in the light shed from the candles, he gave a sudden start. The color left his cheeks, and he stared at me with an unmistakable expression of bewildered surprise, of something like sharp fear and guilt. I never doubted that he mistook me for another person.

"Have we met before, sir?" I asked, courteously.

The stranger laughed, and his agitation was gone instantly.

"Pardon my rudeness," he replied. "I had a spasm of pain, to which I am subject at times, but it has passed off." He pointed to my blue capote with brass buttons—the summer uniform of the company. "You are a Hudson Bay man," he added, "and I am another. That is a bond of friendship between us; is it not so?"

His manner was so captivating that I forgot my first unfavorable impression of him; moreover, I felt flattered by the condescension of so fine a gentleman. I was easily induced to state my name and the position I held at Fort Royal.

"We shall meet again," he cried, "for I shall be in those parts ere the summer is over."

"Are you indeed in the company's service?" I asked. "You do not wear—"

"The uniform?" he interrupted, with a touch of hauteur. "No; my duties are not the same as yours. But I will be as frank as you have been—." He handed me a folded paper. "Read that," he said, in a confidential tone, leaning over me and exhaling the fumes of wine.

I opened the document, and scanned it briefly. The writing showed, beyond a doubt, that my new acquaintance was in the secret service of the Hudson Bay Company, and that he stood high in the favor of the Governor himself. I was glad that he had revealed as much to me—a thing he would not have done but for his potations; for it had dawned on me a moment before that I had been indiscreet to unbosom myself so freely to a stranger, who, for aught I knew to the contrary, might be a spy or an agent of the Northwest Company. I handed the paper back to him, and he buttoned it tightly under his coat.

"Is that credential enough for you?" he asked.

"I am more than satisfied," I replied.

"Then permit me to introduce myself. I am Captain Myles Rudstone, at your service—ex-officer of Canadian Volunteers, formerly of London and Paris, and now serving under the same banner as yourself. In short, I am a man of the world."

"I judged as much, sir," said I.

"Your perception does you credit," he exclaimed. "I see that you are a gentleman. And now let us drink together to celebrate our first meeting."

"With all my heart!" I replied, cordially.

I expected that he would ring the bell for madame, but instead of that he strode around the table to the sleeping stranger in the chair, and clapped him heavily on the shoulder. The man was roused instantly, and as he sprang to his feet I saw that he was tall and middle aged. His face was shrewd and intelligent, clean-shaven, and slightly wrinkled. He wore a white neck cloth, antiquated coat and breeches of rusty black, and grey stockings with silver buckles at the knee: a cluster of seals dangled from his watch chain, and his fingers were long and white.

"What the devil do you mean by striking me, sir?" he demanded, angrily.

"I merely gave you a tap," Captain Rudstone replied, coolly. "I wish you to join this gentleman and myself in a drink."

"I have no desire to drink."

"But I say you shall!"

"And I say I shall not. I am a man of peace, but by Heavens, sir, I will swallow no affront tamely."

"I believe you are a spy—an emissary of the Northwest Company," cried the captain; and I knew by his manner that he had really suspected the stranger from the first.

"Then you lie, sir!" declared the man in black. "Here is my card."

He tossed a slip of pasteboard on the table, and picking it up, I read the following:

"CHRISTOPHER BURLEY.

"For Parchment and Tolliver, Solicitors,
"Lincoln's Inn, London."

I handed the card to Captain Rudstone, and he glanced at it disdainfully.

"A law clerk," he sneered. "But come, I will overlook your menial position. I am not too proud to clink glasses with you."

"The boot is on the other leg, sir," cried the man of law. "I pick my company, and I refuse to drink with a swashbuckler and a roysterer."

"You shall drink with me," roared the captain, drawing his blade, "or I will teach you civil manners with the point of this!"

I judged that it was time to interfere.

"Captain Rudstone, you are behaving unseemly," said I. "There is no cause for a quarrel. You will think better of it in the morning. I beg you to drop the matter. Let us retire to the next room and have our friendly drink."

I thought he would have run me through for my interference, so blackly did he glare at me; but the next instant he sheathed his sword and laughed.

"You are right," he said. "I have had a drop too much for the first time for months. I offer my apologies to the offended law. Come, Mr. Carew, I will take another cup to your good health."

As he spoke he approached the door, and as I followed him the law clerk stopped me by a touch on the shoulder.

"My thanks to you, young gentleman," he said. "I like your face, and I put no blame on you for what has occurred. A word with you, if I may. I see that you are in the service of the Hudson Bay Company."

"Yes," I assented.

"And do you know the Canadas?"

"As well as you know London," I replied.

His face brightened at that.

"I came over a month ago on important business," went on, "and I have been lately in Montreal and Ottawa. Did you ever, in the course of your wanderings, hear of a certain Osmund Malden? He landed in Quebec from England in the year 1787."

"I never heard the name, sir," I answered, after a moment's thought.

As I spoke I looked toward the door, and encountered the gaze of Captain Rudstone, who was standing in a listening attitude with his hand on the latch. I scarcely knew him. His cheeks were colorless, his lips were half-parted, and a sort of frozen horror was stamped on his features. Had he been seized by another spasm of pain, I wondered, or was there a deeper cause for his agitation?

"So you can give me no information?" said Christopher Burley, in a tone of disappointment.

"I know nothing of the man you seek," I answered. Just then the door was flung open, and Jules Ragon burst excitedly into the room.

"Bonne nouvelles!" he cried. "News, Monsieur Carew! Good news! The Good Hope is in the river, and she will land her passengers early to-morrow!"

All else was forgotten, and I eagerly questioned the little Frenchman. When I was done with him I looked about for Captain Rudstone and the law clerk. Both had vanished, and I saw them no more that night.

CHAPTER III.

FLORA HATHERTON.

The next morning, at the hour of seven, I might have been found on the landing-quay by the river. The Good Hope, I was informed, still lay a short distance below the town, where for some reason she had anchored during the night. It was unlikely that I should be kept waiting long, yet I was in no haste to play the unaccustomed role of gallant. To conceal my

nervousness I tried to affect an air of jaunty composure. I repeated over and over the words of greeting that I had chosen for the occasion.

It was as fair and fine a day as ever dawned on Quebec. A crisp, cool air blew from the St. Lawrence, ruffling the water into little tips of foam. From a blue and cloudless sky the rising sun shone on the scattered shipping, on the green hills and islands, on the rugged and historical heights of the town. Many others besides myself were on the quay, doubtless drawn hither for the same purpose—priests, soldiers, soberly-clad citizens, several *courreurs-de-bois*, and a redskin or two. I had a distant view of Christopher Burley, and closer at hand I saw Captain Myles Rudstone in conversation with a group of men. By-and-by he discovered me, and strolling forward he gave me a pleasant word of greeting.

"It is quite an event, the arrival of a ship from England," said I.

"An event of importance," the captain replied.

"But for the early hour the quay would be crowded."

His manner was reserved and dignified, and I liked him better in this mood. Yet I observed that his face wore a puzzled and uneasy expression as he glanced at me, and that he seemed disinclined to look me straight in the eyes. He ignored the events of the previous night, neither making any reference to them nor offering the slightest apology. He chatted indifferently for a moment or two, and then asked, abruptly:

"You are waiting for the Good Hope, Mr. Carew?"

I nodded assent.

"Expecting a friend, perhaps?" he went on, carelessly; and I detected a masked note of curiosity in his voice. It put me on my guard.

"Not exactly a friend," I replied, evasively. "I am to meet a person whom I have never seen."

"A strange coincidence, indeed!" said the captain, with a laugh. "That is precisely my situation." He bent his head a little closer. "I am on duty this morning," he added. "Secret work for the company, you understand."

If he hoped by this confidence to draw my own in return he was disappointed, though there was in truth no reason why I should not speak freely; but it pleased me to be as mysterious as himself, so I answered him by nodding my head wisely. Our eyes met, and he hastily turned and looked out on the river.

"The ship is coming!" he exclaimed; and with that he bowed curtly and strode away. He was soon lost to view in the crowd.

I gave him no further thought at the time. For a few moments I was all in a flutter, and half minded to take to my heels like a foolish boy. But for very shame I presently plucked up courage and sought a point of vantage at the edge of the quay.

Now the people were cheering loudly, and joyous hails floated shoreward over the water. Nobly the Good Hope came in, her bulwarks and poop-deck crowded with figures, the breeze bellying her canvas and fluttering the flag of England at the masthead. I was fairly carried away by the novel excitement, and I only came to my sober senses when the vessel was at last moored alongside the quay and the gangway rattled down almost at my feet.

I stuck to my place in spite of pressure and crowding. The first to come ashore were all men—English merchants, returning Canadians, a couple of uniformed officers, Frenchmen decked out in lace and fine clothing, and a motley sprinkling of others. They passed on, some being me and embraced by waiting friends; and next came an elderly, sour-looking dame, who regarded me with ill-favor. I followed her a few paces beyond the crowd, never doubting that I was right. Then I stepped boldly up to her and doffed my cap.

"Do I address Miss Hatherton?" I began.

"No!" she snapped. "Wretch, how dare you?"

I fell back in confusion, with a titter of mocking laughter ringing in my ears. I longed to hide my face, and I vowed that I would make no more rash ventures. I was about to stride away when a hand touched me on the shoulder, and a sweet voice asked:

"Pardon me, sir, but did I hear you inquire for Miss Hatherton?"

I turned round quickly, and what I saw brought my heart to my mouth and the hot blood to my cheeks and temples. Before me stood a young girl of no more than nineteen, slight and graceful of figure, with eyes of a purple hue, a complexion like a ripe peach, and

little curls of brown hair straying from under her dainty bonnet. By her fine clothing and her clear-cut features I knew that her station in life was of the best. I, who had given no second thought to a woman in all my life, felt a thrill of admiration. I stared at this fair creature as though she had been a goddess, for I had never seen anything so lovely before. For a moment I was speechless, and the girl repeated the question with some spirit, accompanying it by a tap of her little foot.

"I—I did ask for Miss Hatherton," I stammered, "but surely you are not—?"

"I am Flora Hatherton," she interrupted; and as she spoke she made a sudden and strange sign that puzzled me. "Who sent you to meet me, sir?" she added, impatiently.

Again I was at a loss for words. A great pity and resentment swelled up in my heart. I still hoped that there might be a mistake somewhere. I shrank from picturing this young and beautiful girl as the wife of old Griffith Hawke, sharing with him the uncouth and half-barbarous life of a wilderness trading post. It was too cruel for belief!

"Who sent you, stupid?" she repeated.

"Are you truly Miss Hatherton?" I asked.

"Of course I am!"

"Then I am at your service," said I, "and I am here to meet you in behalf of the factor of Fort Royal."

Her eyes dropped and her face saddened.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "I thought you might be—?"

But before she could finish the sentence a tall figure was thrust impetuously between us, and I looked up to recognize Captain Rudstone. He paid no heed to my presence, but made a swift sign to the girl. She

answered it as quickly, and then said, with a smile: "You are Captain Rudstone?"

"The same, mademoiselle," he replied, with a courteous bow.

They moved a few paces to one side, and began to talk in low tones. I hung back in confusion and anger, feeling bitterly the slight that had been put upon me, and quite at a loss to know what the affair meant. I overheard the words "Lord Selkirk" and "despatches," and then I saw the girl draw the end of a sealed packet of papers from her bosom; but she thrust them out of sight again at a sharp command from Captain Rudstone. The latter looked round just then, and I could have sworn that he sneered contemptuously when he met my glance. My temper was ruffled by the neglect and the sneer, and I stepped forward.

"Will Miss Hatherton permit me to escort her to the lodgings where she is expected?" I asked, addressing the girl.

"My claim to this young lady's attention is prior to yours, sir," broke in Captain Rudstone.

"I deny that, sir!" I cried, hotly. "Will you be so kind as to state your claim?"

"My word is enough. Be careful lest you provoke me further, Mr. Carew."

"I beseech you not to quarrel on my account, sirs," exclaimed Miss Hatherton. "You are both right."

The captain scowled at me.

"Which of us is to have precedence, mademoiselle?" he asked, curtly.

But before the girl could answer an abrupt and unexpected interruption fell upon us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WHAT THE SCHOOL BELL SAYS.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

It's wonderful what unlike things
The school bell says to the boy when it rings!
For instance, the laggard, who drags along
On the way to school hears this sort of song:

Oh—suz—hum!
Why did I come
Study till four—
Books are a bore!
Oh, how I wish
I could run off and fish!
See! There's the brook.
Here's a line and a hook.
What's that you say?
Hurry up—eh?
Oh—hum—ho!
S'pose I must go,
Study till four,
Books are a bore!

When the boy who loves to be faithful and true,
Who does what his parents think best he should do,
Comes bravely along with satchel and books,
The breeze in his whistle, the sun in his looks,

And these are the thoughts that swell up like a song,
As he hears the old bell with its faithful ding dong:

Cling clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!
Heaven so blue;
Duty to do!
Birds in the air,
Everything fair.
Even a boy
Finds study a joy!
When my work's done
I'm ready for fun.
Keener my play
For the task of the day.
Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!

These are the songs which the two boys heard
When the school bell was ringing, word for word.
Which do you think was the truer song?
Which do you hear as you're trudging along?
Don't be a laggard!—far better, I say,
To work when you work, and play when you play.

A YOUNG BREADWINNER;

OR,

GUY HAMMERSLEY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The Story of a Brave Boy's Struggle for Fame in the Great Metropolis.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

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CHAPTER XVII.

A PRECIOUS DOCUMENT.



INALLY Guy managed to make his way to Mr. Crapfel's side.

“Send those people away,” he said, “if you can. Then we can have an explanation in private.”

But this suggestion was by no means an easy one to carry out. The neighbors had flocked to the spot eager to be in at a sensation, and now, when they were informed that there was nothing at all the matter, and that they would promote the peace of the Crapfel fireside by retiring at once, they were loath to go. They broke up into knots, and began to discuss the affair with meaning nodding of the head and elevations of the eyebrows, and such insinuations as “Where there is so much smoke there must be fire.”

Mr. Crapfel, however, was a man very set in his ways, and when he had carried his daughter into the back room and returned to place his hands on the shoulders of one or two inquisitive youths and propel them into the hallway with an emphatic “There!” some of the ladies took fright, and with whisperings of “The old man's lost his mind; you may be sure that's the trouble,” beat a precipitate retreat.

In five minutes the room was cleared of all save Guy and Jack, and Mr. Crapfel was about to remove the latter in the summary fashion already described, when Guy broke in with:

“He is with me, and we will go at once if you will first speak to your daughter and ask if she wishes to see me.”

“But I do not understand,” mused Mr. Crapfel, dropping into a chair and beginning to mop the perspiration from his forehead with a bandanna handkerchief. “You are a stranger to me, and—”

At this moment the girl Lottie pulled aside the curtain that separated the parlor from the rear apartments. Her face was as pale as the handkerchief she held tightly clinched in her hand.

“It is about something that happened while I was at the Fireside office, father,” she said, in clear, resolved tones. “This young man was blamed for it, when it was all my fault. I wrote him out a paper that would clear him, and—and wanted to get it back. But I will only have peace if he keeps it.”

She dropped the curtain again, leaving Guy and her father looking at each other mutely.

The old man was the first to speak. He drew a heavy sigh and shook his head sadly from side to side, as he gave Guy his hand.

“It is mournful business, young man,” he said, “when a father must believe that a daughter has—has taken what is not hers. But, poor child, it is an affliction. Even as a little tot she couldn't keep her hands off other people's things. She thinks I don't know, but I do.”

Guy knew not what to answer, nor how to console the poor old man. But he wrung his hand with a pres-

sure that he meant to express sympathy, and then added: “One thing before I go, the question that brought me here to-night, in fact: Does Mr. Bradford live in this house?”

“No; it is two doors west from here, the second flat.”

“Thank you; good night,” and taking Jack, now almost dead from sleep, by the hand, Guy hastily departed.

And as he got out into the pure night air and saw the stars twinkling down so peacefully, he thought of the precious paper in his breast pocket, and hoped he was not selfish in giving way to the rush of gladness that swept through his heart. For his joy meant deep grief to the two inmates of the apartment he had just left. Still, in the case of one it might be a sorrow that would work out the fruit of repentance.

He said nothing to Jack about the strange scene of which the boy had been a witness. He hoped he had been too sleepy to pay much attention to it.

As they approached the doorway of which Mr. Crapfel had told them, they saw a man just ascending the steps. He turned his head as he heard their footsteps behind him.

“Quick, give me the bag,” whispered Jack. “May be it's Uncle John.”

With a smile in the darkness at the odd means of identification, Guy passed the heavier valise over to his young companion, and the latter's sagacity was at once indorsed.

“By George, that must be the youngster now!” exclaimed the stranger; then, putting a fat forefinger under Jack's chin, he lifted up his face and asked bluntly: “Say, bub, is your name Jack Bradford?”

“Of course it is, and you're Uncle John,” cried the delighted boy. “I knew you could tell me if you saw me luggin the bag.”

“Bless my stars, you're as bright as your father was afore you, poor man. But how did you get up here without my seein' you, I'd like to know, when I went down to the ferry an' acrost to the other side to meet you?”

“And this was how the uncle and nephew came to miss each other, Mr. Bradford having taken the time of reaching New York for the hour of arrival in Jersey City, and the two had doubtless passed each other in the middle of the Hudson River.

“I'm mortal much obliged to you, young man, for bringin' this youngster safe up here,” said Mr. Bradford, touching his hat to Guy.

“Oh, it's a lucky thing for me I did,” rejoined Guy, as he shook hands with Jack, and then insisted on doing the same with the uncle. “I hope you'll let me come and see you sometimes,” he added. “I don't want to lose track of my mascot, for such Jack here has proved to be to-night.”

Now neither Jack nor his uncle had the slightest idea of what a mascot was, but as Guy's tone implied that it was something very nice, they felt complimented accordingly, and Mr. Bradford declared that they would consider themselves honored if “the young

gentleman would condescend to pass an evening beneath their humble roof-tree."

Five minutes later Guy was aboard a Boulevard car riding down to the Grand Union Hotel, where he had decided to pass the night. The storage house where his mother's trunks were was close at hand, and he would be enabled to execute his commission there in the morning before going down town.

He was afraid the act was somewhat childish, but he could not refrain from putting his hand for an instant every now and then against the pocket that held the paper which was to set him all right with Messrs. Inwood, Tretbar and Fox.

"I wonder how they will take it?" he found himself surmising, and, indeed, this problem of the future, coupled with the exciting happenings of the recent past, kept sleep from his eyelids till a late hour, in spite of the downy couch with which mine host of the Grand Union supplied him for the reasonable sum of one dollar.

The next morning he ate an eight o'clock breakfast in the cafe, glancing the while at the want columns of the *World* and *Herald*. He saw several possible openings, which he checked with his pencil, intending to look them up after his visit to the office of the Fireside Favorite and Fox & Burdell's.

"If I can't do any better I may be able to get back my place at the shoe store," he repeated; "at the same time I'd prefer something that wasn't so far away from a man's brain as his feet."

Leaving his hand luggage in the baggage room of the hotel, he walked over to the storage building and spent about an hour there, and then returned to the hotel reading-room to write a brief letter to his mother, inclosing the photograph she wanted, directing the communication to the third town on the route of the concert company.

This duty attended to, he started for the office of the Fireside Favorite.

He paused for an instant before he pushed open the door at the head of the three flights of stairs. He knew what he should have to face inside, and when he finally entered, the dozen or more girls all stopped work, just as he had expected they would, and gazed at him with round eyes and mouths ajar."

"Would you please tell Mr. Inwood that Guy Hammersley would like to see him for a moment?" he said to the miss who finally managed to recover from her astonishment sufficiently to approach the railing. She was the one who had been set to watch him in Mr. Tretbar's room that afternoon, and as Guy recalled the circumstance his cheeks burned in spite of him.

He could see the advertising agent busily writing at his desk, and presently noted the annoyed expression on his face when the girl delivered her message. He did not send word for his caller to come in, but, springing to his feet, came out to the railing with a frown on his forehead, and his pen held suspended between his fingers, as if to intimate that the interview must be extremely brief.

"Well, sir," he demanded, in no gentle tone, "what brings you here?"

"To ask you to read this," replied Guy, in a voice which, by an effort, he made equally hard, and he passed over Lottie Crapfel's confession.

Mr. Inwood took it, and just as he began to read Mr. Tretbar appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DASH OF DISCOURAGEMENT.

The publisher of the *Fireside Favorite*, as soon as he saw Guy, hurried forward, looking very black in the face. He had opened his mouth as if about to pour out the phials of his wrath on the head of him who dared show his face in the place again after the crime he had committed there. But he was checked by Mr. Inwood.

"Tretbar," said the advertising man, "look at this, and be handed him Lottie Crapfel's letter."

An expression of pained surprise and defeated malice spread itself over the countenance of the publisher as he scanned the few lines that proved him to have been in the wrong when he had asserted that his employees could not betray his confidence in them.

"Well," he snarped out, as he passed the letter back to Mr. Inwood, and "Well?" the latter repeated, turning to Guy.

The latter was growing exceedingly wroth.

"They haven't even the grace to beg my pardon for being mistaken," he muttered between his teeth. Then he said aloud: "I wish you would write out a brief statement of the case which I can hand to Mr. Fox. I will wait here for it."

They both turned away without a word, and in three minutes Mr. Inwood came back with a scrawl of half a dozen lines, which he handed to Guy with the remark, "There, will that do?"

"Having received a confession from one of the girls employed in our office, we hereby exonerate the bearer from all charge of having appropriated the thirteen dollars." Timothy J. Inwood.

"Yes, that will do," responded Guy, with some slight emphasis, when he had finished the perusal of the foregoing. "And now, before I go, I must fulfill a promise I made to the girl who wrote out that confession."

"I suppose you hunted her to the death to wring it from her," snarled the advertising agent.

"On the contrary," rejoined Guy, "it was by the merest chance that I encountered her, and it was her own accusing conscience at seeing me that impelled her to a betrayal of herself. I told her that I would do my best to induce you not to prosecute her, which request I now most earnestly make of you. Good morning," and without giving the other a chance to reply, Guy hurried off, nor did he breathe unrestrainedly till he reached the street door.

"I think they two would take the prize for the meanest men in the country," he told himself. "Now if Mr. Fox seems disappointed when he learns he has misjudged me, my faith in male humanity will be sadly shaken."

It was just twelve o'clock when he reached the familiar spot, and the doors were opening and shutting almost ceaselessly to admit the vanguard of hungry business men.

"I wonder if they've got anybody in my place," reflected Guy as he entered, and irresistibly his eyes sought the counter where he had been stationed. Yes, there was a sallow-faced youth, with reddish hair, in attendance upon it, and Guy did not know whether to feel disappointed or relieved. Of course he would like to secure a position at the earliest possible opportunity, but then he had never been in love with his duties at Fox & Burdell's.

"Why, hello, Hammersley, how are you?" said the cashier, extending his hand, as Guy approached the desk.

This greeting was certainly in refreshing contrast to the reception accorded him at the *Fireside Favorite* office and the boy's heart warmed at once.

"How are you, Scott?" he rejoined, returning the pressure. "Is Mr. Fox about? I'd like to see him for a moment."

"Easy to accommodate you, for here he comes now."

Mr. Fox looked exceedingly surprised on seeing Guy, but the latter, with a simple "Good-afternoon, Mr. Fox," placed the communication from Mr. Inwood in his hand, and then withdrew a step or two to give him time to read it.

"I congratulate you with all my heart," exclaimed the restaurant proprietor, cordially, the next instant, as he gave Guy his hand. "Come back in the office with me."

Here Hammersley briefly related how he had secured the confession of the real culprit, and Mr. Fox appeared to be genuinely sorry that he could not take him back.

"But I'll give you a first class recommendation," he added, "and as soon as I have a vacancy I'll send for you, and give you the first chance if you haven't got a better place."

This was certainly treatment in most grateful contrast to that which had been meted out to him at Mr. Tretbar's establishment, and when Guy salied forth ten minutes later to call at the first address on his list of possible positions, his spirits rose higher than is usually the case with those who start out on such a quest.

This first marked advertisement took him to a lawyer's office in a big Broadway building, and after riding clear to the top floor in the elevator, he was met by the announcement that they had hired a boy five hours before.

"But I ought to expect that," Guy told himself, "at this time of day."

Nevertheless he resolved to go through his list. Other firms might not be so easy to suit, and then he disliked the idea of passing another night without more settled prospects for his future. The next address took him over to Park Row, where a "Mr. Hiram Ballard wanted a youth of 17 to 18 to assist in store."

"That surely strikes me off as to age," reflected Guy, as he made his way with some difficulty along the crowded sidewalk, past the imposing newspaper buildings, in front of the bustling entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and between rows of importunate street fakirs till he came to the designated number. And glancing in at the window to see the nature of the business, he recoiled in sort of horror for it was a pawnbroker's shop.

"No, no, not there," he said to himself, as he turned and hurried away; and then, as he realized what slow progress he was making he could not but add the reflection: "I may be compelled to resort there soon enough."

The third advertisement was that of Hampton & Pitcher, harness merchants in Chambers street. A life size wooden horse, rigged out with specimens of the blankets, halters and so on, sold within, stood in front of the door. The smell of the leather recalled strongly to Guy his summers in the West when a boy, and he had owned a pony cart in which he used to drive about the shaded avenues of Glendale.

A man in a yellow duster came up to him as he entered, evidently under the impression that he had come as a purchaser.

"You advertised for a boy in this morning's paper," began Guy, upon which the other interposed with. "Yes, see Mr. Hampton in the rear office."

Cheered not a little by the fact that he was to get as far as the interview, Guy walked to the back of the store and accosted a youngish man, with very black hair, who was seated at a desk under a skylight.

"Yes, we do want a young man," was the prompt reply to his question. "We've had no end of applications for the position already to-day, but nobody suits. Have you had any experience with horses?"

"Yes; both in riding and driving. I used to do a good deal of both up to a year ago."

"Well, that's encouraging," exclaimed Mr. Hampton, turning round in his revolving chair so as to fully face Guy, and motioning the latter to a seat. "To the best of my belief, none of the fellows that were in here this morning had ever ridden behind steeds any more spirited than the car horse. You see I want somebody to help show off harness as if he knew something about it, and to throw in bits of personal experience, if necessary, which may gain us a customer. We pay eight dollars a week for a start. Have you had any experience in business here in the city?"

"Yes, a little," Guy admitted, and he drew the letter he had received from Mr. Fox out of his pocket and handed it to the harness man.

The latter read it through and passed it back, with the remark: "A very strong recommendation, but if he thinks so much of you, how came he to let you go?"

"Owing to a very unfortunate occurrence," rejoined Guy, feeling that he was growing most uncomfortably red. "I was accused of something very unjustly, the guilty party afterwards confessed, and I was fully exonerated, but meanwhile Mr. Fox had replaced me with some one else."

"Umph!" Mr. Hampton leaned back in his chair, played a little tune on his teeth with his penholder, and then asked: "What was the charge? Stealing money?"

"Yes," said Guy, and he was about to add the details, when Mr. Hampton rose from his chair.

"Never mind," he said. "You needn't take the trouble to explain. I'd rather not have anybody here who has even been suspected. Good afternoon."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOMELESS.

"How very unjust!" was the comment that rose to Guy's lips as he listened to Mr. Hampton's words; but he did not utter it. He knew it would have been neither becoming nor judicious to do so; there was nothing left for him but to bow to the man's decision, and get out of the place as soon as he could.

"Arthur May-Jones, commission merchant," was the next name on his list. His place was not far off,

in Hudson street, and he had advertised for "a young man to make himself generally useful." There was an ice cart backed up to the door when Guy arrived, and two men and a boy were assisting the ice man in piloting the cakes from the skid to the rear part of the store.

"I suppose that is one of the ways in which the young man is expected to make himself particularly useful," reflected Guy, and then approaching another man who stood in the doorway watching the others work with a look of supreme satisfaction on his face, he asked if they had been suited yet with an applicant in response to their advertisement in the *Herald*.

Before replying the man, transferring the toothpick he had been nursing in the left corner of his mouth to the right hand side of that aperture, recrossed his legs, and after favoring Guy with a stare that took him in comprehensively from his derby hat to his well-blacked shoes, replied: "Yes and unsuited, too."

Guy looked puzzled, and the other, first glancing over his shoulder to be sure that the boy at work with the ice cakes was just then in the rear of the store, went on to explain: "No style about him. Can take in ice well enough, but no good to go around and drum up trade. Will give him his walking papers to-night. Come back into the office and I'll talk with you."

Guy followed this rather peculiar individual to a room partitioned off from the store proper with glass, where he was invited to take a seat.

"Now, then," began the butter and cheese man, "have you had any experience in our line?"

"No, sir," answered Guy.

"What have you been doing lately?" was the next question.

Guy replied that he had been connected with the *Starr Concert Company*.

"Oh, indeed, you are a singer, then?"

Guy was obliged to admit that he was not, and then briefly explained that he had gone with the company simply because his mother was in it, and that he had left it to return to New York on business for her.

"Do you think you could adapt yourself to the commission business and boom the sale of butter and eggs after soaring in the high realms of art?"

Guy smiled and said that he thought he could, and inquired into the duties he would be required to perform.

"Well, we might send you on the road to drum up trade among out-of-town customers after we got you worked in. Your salary to begin with would be seven dollars a week."

Guy was about to exclaim that he could not possibly live on that, but checked himself in time with a recollection of the fact that he must now adapt his living expenses to his income, not the latter to the former. So after a little further conversation it was agreed that he should come down ready to begin work on Monday morning, for it was now Saturday.

"And what are the hours, Mr. Jones?" Guy asked, as he rose, scarcely realizing his good fortune.

The other made no reply for an instant, and Guy thought he even staggered backwards a step or two. Instinctively he turned his head to look towards the front of the store to see if anything had happened there to cause consternation in the mind of the proprietor.

But all seemed to be in smooth running order, and Guy was about to repeat his question, under the impression that the commission merchant had not heard it when he was utterly astonished to hear the other say:

"To you, sir, there will be no hours in this establishment. I have no use for your services."

"Very good, sir," and putting on his hat, Guy took his departure without loss of time.

"The man must be weak in the upper story," he told himself when he reached the sidewalk. "I thought him a little queer when he first began to talk, but not enough so to change his mind so suddenly as he did just now."

In fact Guy was so perplexed by the circumstance that for a time he forgot to feel grieved over it or to recollect that "Arthur May-Jones" was the last name on his list. It was the sight of this name, as he paused to take a farewell glance back at the store in case the fickle proprietor should have again changed his mind, that gave to Guy a possible solution of the mystery.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "I believe I forgot the hyphen and called the name plain Jones, instead

of May-Jones. That was the only time I used the name, I remember, just at the last. And he's just the sort of a man to make a mountain out of a mole-hill like that. Well, it wouldn't do any good to go back and apologize, so I suppose I must put it down as a lesson in experience, and try again."

And now it was on consulting his paper that he discovered that he had exhausted his list. Besides, it was well on toward three o'clock, and being Saturday afternoon, merchants were beginning to close their stores.

"And I haven't had any lunch either," he added to himself.

In the excitement of securing a situation, thinking that each fresh application might result in success, he had not been sensible of hunger. Now, with the chase postponed necessarily until Monday, he felt himself overpowered with fatigue and weakness.

"I want a good meal," he muttered to himself with a mournful kind of smile, "just when I am least able to afford one. If I'd got a place and had a prospect of earning twenty dollars a week, say, I suppose I'd be so excited that I wouldn't have any appetite at all."

What to do next was now the question. There was his trunk still at the baggage room of the railroad company.

Never in his life had the poor fellow felt so desolate and unsettled. The very fact that he was walking along the street mechanically, not knowing whether he was going, actually sent a shiver through him as he realized it. He must do something, go somewhere, and feeling that a place for his trunk was the most pressing call upon him, he bent his steps toward an elevated station and took a train uptown, with the intention of calling on Miss Stanwix.

He was plunged deep in gloomy meditations, hanging on to a strap as the train pulled out from the Eighteenth street station, when he suddenly felt someone tugging at his coat, and a half hesitating voice calling his name.

He turned and saw Jack Bradford, his face radiant at the chance encounter.

"I've just come from the store," he told Guy when they had shaken hands, "and I like it ever so much. We close early on Saturday, you know?"

Guy noted the evident pride with which the little fellow brought out the "we" in his sentence, and although he tried honestly to rejoice in his good fortune he could not but contrast their lots. All the way to Forty-second street the boy chatted gayly of the new life, and his happiness seemed actually to be contagious, for when Guy left him it was with the reflection that there must be many poor souls in that great city worse off than he was.

A short walk brought him to the house where he and his mother had passed the summer. A new maid opened the door for him. Yes, Miss Stanwix was in, she said, and soon that lady appeared in the parlor.

But when Guy asked if he could have his old room back, or another one, she smiled and shook her head.

"I haven't a single vacant apartment, Mr. Hammersley," she said. "My rooms are all let now to the first of June."

"Can you suggest a place where I might be able to get in?" inquired Guy.

"Well, I can't, not just now. You see we boarding-house keepers must look out for ourselves, and unless you can promise that you will stay till next summer, I am afraid you will have some trouble in getting just what you want. How did you leave your ma?"

Guy made appropriate answer and then hurried away, although why he should hurry he did not know. He had neither home nor occupation nor mother now, as he recollects with an added pang.

CHAPTER XX.

A FRIEND WORTH HAVING.

"Mr. Hammersley. Stop, please; here's something for you."

Guy was half-way to the corner when he heard this cry behind him, and turning, he saw the servant from Miss Stanwix's running toward him with a visiting card in her hand.

"A young gentleman left this," she panted out, "the day after you went away. Miss Stanwix forgot about it till just this minute."

"Thank you."

Guy took the card with considerable curiosity, and saw that it belonged to Bert Arlington. On it were penciled these lines:

"They sent me from the restaurant. If ever you get this come and see me at the Jura."

"There's a friend for you," reflected Guy, as he put the card carefully away in his pocket, "to chase me up in this persistent manner. I'll go and call on the boy this very evening. Perhaps he can give me some good advice."

It was wonderful what magical effect this little gleam of hope in his sky had upon the poor fellow's spirits. It takes such a very little effort from a brother's hand to rouse us out of the slough of despond. If all did but realize this, these friendly services would be more common than they are.

The rest of the afternoon Guy spent in watching the driving on Fifth avenue as he strolled up toward Central Park and back. And as he looked on at the gay procession he could not but recall the time when, during the Easter holidays, he had hired a dog-cart and taken his mother up through the Park to Kingsbridge and back. He recalled, too, how on that occasion, at one of the street crossings, he had been obliged to hold up his horse suddenly to avoid running over a young fellow of about his own age, who had started to cross the street at the last minute. The boy had looked up at him, seated aloft in his gay turnout, and even in the one instant that their eyes met Guy had detected the envious longing in the other's glance.

"Why, there he is now!"

Guy involuntarily uttered these words aloud as he saw the same boy. He could not mistake the light curling hair, drab overcoat and the intensely blue eyes. But what a complete reversal of their positions!

The fellow was driving a T-cart this afternoon with a beautiful girl on the seat beside him and a solemn-visaged groom, with arms crossed, behind.

"Well, that is typical of the ups and downs in American life with a vengeance!" thought Guy, as the team passed him, and then he seemed to lose his interest in the imposing cavalcade, and leaving Fifth avenue, sauntered slowly back to his hotel along the quieter streets.

He ordered an early dinner, for he feared to miss Arlington unless he called soon after seven. In fact, it wanted five minutes to that hour when Guy entered the lofty building in Thirty-Third street devoted to bachelor apartments.

"Yes, I guess you'll find him upstairs," the man in the elevator said in answer to his inquiry. "He came in about ten minutes ago, and I haven't seen him go out since."

Guy got out at the fourth floor, pressed an electric button beside the door pointed out to him, and half a minute later found himself confronted by Arlington himself.

"Good for you, Guy," the latter exclaimed, insisting upon shaking both hands at once as he pulled his friend inside. "I'm no end glad to see you. I was just beginning to get lonesome."

"Why, that's queer," exclaimed Guy as he gazed around at the comfortably furnished rooms, for there were two of them, separated by portieres, and the windows looked out on two busy thoroughfares which crossed each other at this point. "I had an idea that you would never get that, knowing as many people as you do in New York."

"That's the very reason I'm so glad to see you tonight, old fellow," returned Arlington, as he disposed of Guy's hat and coat. "You see I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. I was booked for a bowling party to-night, but there's been an unexpected death in the family of one of the members of the club, and the thing is off for two weeks. I hadn't made any other provision for the evening; of course, it was too late to do it after I got the telegram, which I found here ten minutes ago when I came in from dinner. You can't very well call on a girl Saturday night; I hate to go to the theater alone, and now you're here, I'm going to take you with me."

"But—"

"No buts unless you have a previous engagement. We'll walk down three blocks and hear De Wolf Hopper. Meantime I'll step out to the elevator and have my seats ordered and then come back to hear an account of yourself and doings."

Guy found it very pleasant to be taken possession of in this summary fashion, and when Bert returned, de-

terminated to satisfy his curiosity by giving a complete account of his adventures since he had seen him that noon in the early part of the week at Fox & Burdell's.

"Well, you have been through a lot in two weeks, and no mistake," was Arlington's exclamation, when the narrative was concluded. "And now you're on the scent for a posh?" he added, as he slipped into the adjoining room to brush his hair.

"I'm, very much so," answered Guy. "Do you happen to know of anything I could get?"

"Well rather," rejoined Bert, coming out, brush and comb in hand. "You're the fellow, I take it, we want in our office."

"Your office?" echoed Guy in delighted surprise. "Where are you and in what line? You haven't told me anything about yourself yet."

"All right, I'll make up for it now, on our way to the theater. I've a good excuse for not having said much about it to you when I saw you before. I hadn't gone in it myself then. You see it's a new business just started by two fellows, both of them pretty young, friends of father's. It is real estate, renting houses, offices and all that, and our office isn't very far from here, around on Fifth avenue. Business has come in with such rush—both Mr. Kenworthy and Mr. Clarke are New York men and have hosts of friends here—that we are short-handed, and only this afternoon, just as I was coming away, Mr. Kenworthy asked me if I knew of a young fellow I could get in to assist. You see there's only himself, Clarke, the bookkeeper, the office boy and I now."

"And do you think I would suit?" asked Guy, eagerly, thinking the news almost too good to be true.

"I don't see why you shouldn't. You're a good appearing fellow—now don't blush, I'm merely talking business—dress well, can talk easily and—"

"But what have all these qualifications got to do with fitting me for a place in your office?" Guy wanted to know.

"A great deal. A good many of our customers are ladies, and they do not forget if they are waited on politely at a certain office, and in an off-hand, careless way in others. Then we often have to go with them to show houses, and sometimes three or four of us will be out at once, and then there's no one in the office that knows about things if anybody comes in. Oh, no fear but I can get you in, so make your mind easy and settle down to a good enjoyment of the opera."

And Guy did enjoy that opera; and after it was over Bert took him to Delmonico's and then home to spend the night with him; and before church time next morning the second problem—that of lodgment—was settled for him most delightfully.

"Look here, Guy," said Bert, as they sat over their breakfast in the restaurant across the avenue from the Jura, "what's the reason we can't keep this thing up indefinitely?"

"What thing?" queried Guy, looking from the chops to the oatmeal dish and then up in his friend's face.

"Why, this thing of chumming it, to be sure. We used to get along at it all right at school, and I'm sure I'm having a good time now, so if you're willing I'd be delighted to have you chip in with me and go shares on my rooms at the Jura."

Guy drew a long breath.

"It would be just too—"

"Yes, just too, too, so say I," laughed Bert.

"But I couldn't afford such style," added Guy.

"How do you know how much you can afford till you know how much Kenworthy & Clarke will give you?" interposed Bert. "Now listen. I'm sure they will start you on ten dollars a week, and raise you if you work well into the business. Now my rooms average me about that a week, but as I really expected to pay the whole of it—or rather father did for me—you see it will be money in my pocket if you'll pay me three a week. We can divvy on the cost of our meals—it always comes cheaper for two—and so you ought to come out all right. What do you say to the idea?"

"Oh, I'd say yes every time. The question is, will the thing work smoothly in practice? I'm afraid it will be imposing on you and—and—perhaps living beyond my means. I might find a boarding-house where I could get everything for seven dollars a week."

"The very thing! I'll take you to board for that," exclaimed Bert. "Then there'll be no bothering about shares and all that, and you'll know just how much you'll have for spending money every week. Now don't object. It suits me to do it, and will really be a favor, for I was getting most terribly lonesome, eating and living alone. Now on our way back I'll take you past Kenworthy & Clarke's and show you what a swell office we have."

Guy did not leave Arlington until late that evening, when he went back to the Grand Union to get the things he had left there. They had gone to church together, taken long walk in the afternoon, and altogether Bert had given his friend a splendid time.

And yet, in spite of all, when Guy was by himself with an opportunity to think calmly over the development of events, he was not as contented in mind as he felt he should be.

"It does seem as if I was imposing on Bert to stay with him and enjoy all these privileges for only seven dollars a week. And yet, I cannot doubt that he is sincere in wanting me to do it."

For Guy had finally accepted the offer on two conditions; one that Kenworthy & Clarke engaged him at a salary of not less than ten dollars, and the other that a formal renewal of the arrangement should be made every Monday, in order to give Arlington an opportunity to cancel the privilege if he found it not so pleasant a one as he had anticipated.

"Yes, I'll consent to that," he had said, laughingly; "it's no more than fair to you, for you may be the first one to want to draw out."

There was certainly a bond of sympathy between the two, for Bert's father was in the army, his mother was dead, and he had but few living relatives. Hence, Guy could readily understand that he might at times feel lonely, no matter how much his father's money could do for him.

Monday at nine o'clock the two repaired to the offices of Kenworthy & Clarke, which Guy found to be fitted up more like the private apartments of a millionaire than the counting-rooms of a business firm. Everything was in hard-wood finish, there were expensive rugs strewn about the floors, while electric lights, paintings on the walls and a frescoed ceiling added to the completeness of the establishment.

"There's an extra desk yonder you can have," said Bert, as he pushed back the top of his own. "Now sit down by me a few minutes till Mr. Kenworthy comes in. Then I'll introduce you. Here he is now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



BILLY'S DESPERATE DEVICE.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

Billy Bayley would do it, and now he seemed in danger of paying for his obstinacy.

"They are Carlists, Don Billy!" whispered Pepe the faithful, who had insisted on climbing to the ridge with his hero, the American boy. Pepe was only a common little Spanish mountain lad, but from the time when Billy Bayley had plunged into the ice-cold tarn under the Maladetta and pulled him out by the hair of his head, neck or aught else he could clutch, Pepe was Billy's devoted slave to command. Pepe had fallen into the water while groping among the rocks in search of an eagle's nest. Between them Billy and Pepe subsequently found the nest. The pair of eaglets at Mr. Renshaw's blue house down at Valhermosa were the fruits of that adventure.

Pepe from that day forward serenely called Master William Bayley "Don Billy." Billy himself didn't mind it, and the local Spaniards took it as a matter of course.

Mr. Renshaw, who owned valuable mining properties in the mountains, and was a friend of Billy's father, had offered Billy the chance of learning something about mining in the most practical way. That was how Billy at fifteen found himself established in these Biscayan mountains.

It was a jolly life, or would have been if there had been a few fellows of his own age in the neighborhoud. He was free to shoot or fish where he pleased. Of course he had to study a bit—Mr. Renshaw saw to that. Also, he was supposed to be gradually getting an insight into the working of such machinery as the Valhermosa mine required. Mainly, though, he roamed the mountains like a chamois; and ever since that water business, little Pepe (who had no relations) followed him like a shadow when he did not accompany him as a friend.

Of late, however, there had been trouble in Spain. The Carlists were in the mountains, and rather wild at the unexpected rebuffs they had met with. Instead of picking up recruits round Valher-

mosa, they had lost a few valuable men.

This was what so particularly riled Major Guevara, otherwise "One Ear," the Carlist chief in the district. "One Ear" had, so it was reputed, sworn an oath that he would wipe out every human being from the Maladetta summit to the lower reaches of Valhermosa, unless he was spared the active opposition of Mr. Renshaw and the other authorities. No one could tell, for certain, where he and his men were to be found. It was, however, a nasty menace.

"Take care where you go, my boy!" said Mr. Renshaw to Billy at the outset of this trouble.

Billy had replied, "All right, sir!" easily enough, and thought no more about precaution. Besides, was he not an American, and would he not like to see the "greasy" Spaniard—whether Carlist or Royalist—who would dare to lay the hands of violence upon him?

But mischance had come, after all.

"They are Carlists, Don Billy!" said little Pepe, in a tone of horror.

There was no getting away from those rascally-looking fellows with guns on their shoulders and cigarettes between their glistening teeth. "Oh, so you are an American, are you?" said the ruffian who held Billy by the arm. "Well, to the 'comandante.' There's a sweet little garrote ready for all stray vermin!"

Billy gave the man a defiant look. Pepe trembled. Pepe was not nearly so brave as Don Billy, and ever since that cold water affair he had been at times quite a little coward.

"One Ear," otherwise Major Guevara, was the "comandante." He was a big, red-faced fellow, with a great mustache, and anything but amiable in appearance.

"Good!" he said, when the captives were brought to him. "And now, my little Yank, we shall see what your Senor Renshaw do. It is worth money to have you, and I shall put on what you do call the screw. What do you say to that?"

Billy was more astonished at "One Ear's" fluent English than at anything else.

"I say," he observed, "you're not really a Spaniard, are you?"

But at these words "One Ear's" eyes flamed angrily. Billy could not have irritated him more. He was not, in fact, a pure Spaniard. His grandmother was black, and had been a slave in Havana. It was in Havana—in a menial situation—that "One Ear" had acquired his English; and it was from Havana, as a mere adventurer, that he had brought into Spain the convenient title of major. His brute strength and courage, of a sort, had also recommended him to the notice of the secret organizers of the Carlist rising.

"Take him away! take them both away!" cried "One Ear." "Ah, you shall see, little cursed Americano, if I am not Spaniard!" he added in English. "And tie their hands!" he yelled in final instructions to the two guards in red tam o' shanters who had the two boys in their grip.

Happily they were not separated. But it was not at all agreeable to be thrust into a hovel of stone walls thus surrounded by enemies, and with the hands bound tightly at the wrist.

"We shall die, Don Billy," moaned Pepe, despondently, as he sat on the ground and contemplated his bonds.

"Of course we shall, you little fool," was Billy's reply. "But I don't mean it to come off just yet by a very long way. And I'd like to see that beast with the one ear shot or hung first."

"It was a woman that bit off his other ear, I have heard," observed Pepe.

"Whoever did it, it serves him right, I'm jolly well sure. And it gives him only half a chance of hearing us when we make our escape."

This was not a very reasonable remark of Billy's, but it passed muster with Pepe, who was deeply depressed.

And yet Mr. Renshaw and his miners were less than a mile away. And in ordinary times here, just where "One Ear" had his camp, a score of men would have been employed in the upper rocks and about the sluices which supplied Valhermosa with most of its water power. At present, however, Cascada, as this plateau was termed, was disconnected with Valhermosa. The culvert link between the Cascada lake, by which "One Ear"

had his camp, was broken by the displacement of one of the big iron tubes, down which the water was wont to pour to Valhermosa with such terrific force.

When for the fifth time Don Billy went to the best chink in the wall of their prison and looked out, he seemed better pleased than before.

"The beggars are pretty nearly all asleep. They're lying about anywhere," he said.

"Ah, yes," Pepe assented; "but, you see, they have sentinels on the rocks behind, and at the pueta (pass) there are also men with guns ready to fire."

"It would take them all their time to hit us, and they'd never catch us," Billy declared, "once we had half a minute's start of them. But, oh, dear! how sleepy, that drip, drip of water does make me!"

"Then lie down and sleep, Don Billy," said Pepe, "and I will watch and think."

"You! Yes; and a good deal of good that'll do."

"One cannot tell," said Pepe, humbly.

In fact, Billy was snoring before he understood how near he was to falling asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by Pepe, who had his hands free.

"Do not speak, but listen, while I release you," whispered the little Spaniard. "I have thought of it, and it is possible. Do you not remember? There are the pipes that run from here to the mills. They are dry, and they are large enough—though"—with a shoulder shrug—I know perfectly that they might for comfort be larger. Also, dear Don Billy, they are near to us where we are; at least the opening is. Afterward they go underground, and then they come out again, and Valhermosa is near, with Mr. Renshaw and all our friends."

The boy spoke with the gravity of a man. Only with his eyes did he show how excited he was. While he spoke, he was untying Billy's straps. He had gnawed through his own bonds.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Billy, when Pepe stopped. "It's a nasty idea, though I don't say it's a bad one. Why, there's a mile of the pipes, and not one of them eighteen inches across."

"It is broad enough, Don Billy," said Pepe, "and it is safe. Here we do not

know what will happen. 'One Ear' may shoot us or carry us away."

Then Billy held out his hand.

"We'll do it, old chap; we'll do it!" he exclaimed. "If only we can slip out of this without being seen."

"That we can do, for I have made a hole while you slept," said Pepe, pointing to the wall of the hut, the lower part of which was stopped up now by a mere slab of stone taken from the flooring.

"Good indeed!" said Billy. "And now to business with a vengeance."

The only Carlists on this side of the house were the sentinels overhead. They, in their promenade, periodically disappeared. The two boys glided through the hole when the men passed out of sight, and hurried on hands and knees toward the heap of refuse rocks near the lake amid which the iron piping was set, with a gradual slope toward Valhermosa.

Billy was leading. He was about to speed on at all costs for the tubes, when Pepe pulled back one of his feet.

"Lie still a little moment!" the Spanish boy whispered.

He obeyed reluctantly. There were voices terribly near—just the other side of the tubes, as it seemed. "One Ear's" voice was among them.

Pepe felt that he was enjoying a supreme minute or two of his life. How he peered about him, motionless as a frightened hare, and how he did listen to those voices! It struck him as both strange and ominous that the word *canos* (tubes) should sound clear among the talk.

"Now then, be quick and do not stop all the way, Don Billy," he whispered through his hollowed hand.

He had watched the sentinels. Their backs were turned, and no one else was in sight.

Billy drew a deep breath, and crept into the awful funnel—more than a mile along. He scrambled into the darkness, horribly convinced that the noise he made must be heard as distinctly by others as by himself. He supposed Pepe was following him, but could not tell. Nor did he dare say a word, for he knew how sound carried in such a channel. Even as it was, he feared this huge telephone would whisper its message to the Carlists above.

It was horrible. To begin with, the darkness soon became utter. Then the sense of suffocation oppressed him so that he perspired with terror. He could not get his shoulders at full stretch, and the fancy tortured him that there might be narrower tubes further down. In that case he was as good as dead, for he could not get back. The slope of the tubes was so great, that now and then he almost slid forward. And this, too, was a haunting experience. After a long, long time he stopped and called Pepe. But there was no reply, and he could hear no noise indicative of Pepe's presence. Then he went on again, on and on, till his head was giddy and he felt as if he must soon die. On and on, in black midnight, with the smell of damp and rust all round him.

It seemed to him that he had been in this ghastly funnel half his lifetime, when he heard a faraway, shrill cry—the words: "Be quick, Don Billy!" reached him.

Quick! Of course he would be quick. But he moved none the faster for all that. And yet, shortly afterward, he found himself in pale daylight, and then he crawled, wet and exhausted, upon the big wheel which stood idle. Valhermosa was to the right and left of him. Providentially he scrambled immediately to solid ground, and only then paused to yell out. But even while he was shouting he heard a roaring noise. He turned, and saw the water pour in full force through the pipes upon the wheel, and with it came a human body, which fell down and was washed into a lower tank.

"Help! help!" cried Billy.

But help was too late for poor Pepe. He had meant to guard the entrance of the pipes, and stop with his own little body, if possible, anything of harm to Don Billy; for he had heard the Carlists meditating an attempt to do Mr. Renshaw damage by turning the water upon his machinery all unprepared for it. All he wanted was to give Don Billy time to get through.

When half an hour had passed he was satisfied, and made his own attempt. But he was too late. The Carlists connected the tubes with the lake ere he could get through. But the next day the Royalists avenged poor Pepe's death.



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CHAPTER XXVI.

EL PUEBLO MUERTE.

PANTING from the exertion of climbing the rocky stairway, and bathed in perspiration, Tom and Phil sank down on the green turf that clothed the summit of Flat Top Mountain, which was literally ablaze with wild flowers of singular beauty and brilliancy. Then with awestruck eyes they began to take in the details of one of the strangest scenes that the eye of man ever rested upon.

They were near the western extremity of the plateau, which was far from being level, as it seemed when seen from below. About the opening through which they had ascended to the top were the rotting remains of a cedar wood inclosure, which crumbled to fine dust at the touch. The plateau itself was many acres in extent, having a sudden depression in the middle. On one side rose a miniature forest of oak and pine, with here and there a few cottonwoods, interspersed with short underbrush. At the further extremity they could see, gleaming through a luxuriant growth of almost tropical verdure, the walls of what would seem to be a collection of buildings—el Pueblo Muerte.

To the right, through a fissure in the rock, sprang a clear body of water, sparkling in the sun rays. Falling back, it had hollowed out two channels for itself—the one rushing downward to the depression or cavity I have mentioned, the other following a slope to the very verge of the eminence, where it plunged impetuously down the perpendicular side.

“Look,” said Phil, breaking the silence, and speaking in an almost awestruck voice.

Just beyond where they were sitting was the little cemetery. A few crosses rudely cut from a whitish quartz were still standing at the heads of some of the sunken mounds. More, however, had fallen and were half hidden by weeds or running vines.

“Well,” said Tom, rising, “we might as well go on and see it through.”

Phil gave a brief assent.

“I suppose there would be no dates or names on the crosses,” he remarked thoughtfully. A closer examination showed this to be the case. “I. H. S.” had been rudely graven on the most of them, but nothing else. Then they noticed that the stone of which the crosses were hewn was thickly veined with yellow threadings running in every direction.

Perhaps the same thought was in the mind of each, yet neither spoke. Indeed the circumstances and surroundings were so strangely unreal that Tom has since said that as far as he was concerned it seemed all the time as though it was simply a continuation of his singular dream.

Before proceeding further, the two made their way to the very verge of the great plateau.

The outlook was something immeasurably grand.

Before them lay the far reaching plains—hilly and broken—flat and sandy, wooded and fertile by turns. Far away to the east the Rockies raised their purpling ranges, piercing the clouds at irregular intervals. On the west were the snow-capped summits of the Sierras.

Beneath them the river ran ribbon-like to the south till it dwindled to a black thread as it sank deeper and deeper before its junction with the mighty Colorado, whose course was barely discernible in the distance. And all this under a cloudless dome of intense, glittering blue, from which the noonday sun sent down its burning rays, tempered by cooling air currents that rustled the foliage with a pleasant sound.

Unslinging the glass, Tom could make out the old prospector, with the horses, like ants, crawling slowly along the edge of the ravine where the buffalo were killed the day before.

“Wouldn’t his eyes stick out if he could see us!” remarked Tom, returning the glass to its case.

“They’ll be pretty apt to bulge any way if he gets back and we get down to solid earth again,” was Phil’s significant reply. And with feelings of mingled expectancy and awe the two moved forward toward el Pueblo Muerte.

The deserted pueblo consisted of a collection of flat-roofed structures, built of irregular fragments of the same quartz-like rock from which the crosses in the cemetery had been hewn.

A silence more intense than that of death reigned in the not ill-paved street extending from north to south. Each dwelling had had its little inclosure for a garden spot. These, of course, were choked with the rank growth of years. But the seed of various vegetables had sown themselves season after season; so that mingled with the weeds and creepers were stalks of Indian corn, while onion tops and yams might be seen, as also pumpkins and melons, whose vines ran riot on every side.

The roofs of many of the dwellings having been constructed of poles and “wattle,” covered with clay, had long since fallen in. But the walls, laid in a cement as hard as the stone itself, remained impervious to the ravages of time. And these irregular fragments of stone were streaked here and there with the same significant threading before noticed in the crosses.

In the very center of the little hamlet, numbering about ninety dwellings, stood what had evidently been the mission chapel, in perfect preservation. Its side and roof were completely overrun with vines.

By common consent the two boys approached this more pretentious of the stone buildings. Brilliant hued lizards basked in the sun rays on the great slab serving as a threshold. A small species of the western gopher, known as the “fleck o’ gold,” darted in and out from the thick growth about the door—the singularly golden tints of its hide and bushy tail contrasting vividly with the verdure.

With bated breath Tom and Phil stepped inside the chapel. The light, subdued by the screening vines which covered the sashless windows, was sufficient to

show the strange interior. At the further end was a stone slab supported by two uprights; at the head a large cross. And extended at length on the slab itself lay the whitened and shrunken semblance of a man in what had once been a priestly cassock. Some peculiar property of the rarified air had prevented decay. The body was, so to speak, mummified. Between the fingers above the breast was a crucifix of gold, similar in workmanship to the one Tom had discovered at the Home Ranch.

It was strange, yet not, as might be thought, a repulsive sight. For they knew intuitively that they were gazing upon all that was mortal of the self-sacrificing priest, who, a century before, had given his life to this afflicted people, even as in our own day some have done in the case of the lepers of the Sandwich Islands. He had closed the eyes of the last of his stricken flock, and then, when his own time came, stretched himself in the shadow of the cross, and there yielded up his spirit, with no man to perform the rites of sepulture.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ANCIENT GOLD MINE.

Very reverently the two boys left this solemn presence for the outer air, where they proceeded to make further investigations.

The home life of the people must have been of the simplest kind. They seemed to have brought nothing with them in their exile in the shape of valuables or gold. The interiors visited by Tom and Phil were furnished in the rudest manner. A carved chest or box contained a few pieces of pottery and cooking utensils of burned clay, with some plates of hammered copper. The seats and low beds had coverings of raw hide. The cooking was done over a brazier containing charcoal.

There were axes of copper, tempered to the hardness of steel by some process the secret of which has been lost. These, with a bow and sheaf of arrows tipped with copper, were the only things of the kind discovered.

At the verge of the plateau, close to the pueblo, stood a rude windlass. A coil of raw hide, and the remains of a wicker pannier, suggested that by this means communication had been kept up with the friendly Moquis, mentioned in Father Anselmo's letter, at the base of the mountain.

Having made these hasty investigations, Tom and Phil were now ready to satisfy themselves as to the presence of the gold, which after all was the main object of their journey to Flat Top Mountain.

For some reason which neither could explain to his own or his companion's satisfaction, they had deferred this to the last—perhaps from a half dread that it might be a myth.

Beyond the little hamlet a sort of natural wall of grayish white rock edged the plateau, forming a barrier against the bitter "norther" which in mid-winter might sweep across the adjoining plain. From the very bowels of this formation, which seemed to be an eccentric outcropping from the sandstone, had been quarried the rock for the dwellings, and the crosses to mark the resting places of the dead.

Wedges, drills, and heavy-headed hammers, all of hardened copper, were scattered on every side, exactly as left more than a hundred years before. And in a sort of niche was a primitive blast furnace. For what had it been used? To smelt the gold?

Deep in the heart of the quarry a shaft had been sunk, near which were the remains of a winch, or small windlass. Close beside it stood a bucket of hammered copper, nearly full of coarse, grayish gravel, mixed with metallic particles, from pin head size to that of buckshot.

"They mined their copper from here, I suppose," said Tom; but Phil, who was hammering away at the surrounding ledge, made no reply.

Three or four fragments loosened with the pick were veined and threaded with gold, it is true. And Phil even succeeded in pounding out some tiny bits of the precious metal with the hammer. But both saw at a glance that though the gold-bearing rock was of almost unprecedented richness, weeks and months of hard labor would be needed to extract enough of the precious metal to pay them for their toil, with only the implements at hand. Had they had machinery to help

them, the product of a day's crushing in an ordinary stamp mill would have been enough to make a man wealthy for life—that is, a man of moderate ideas. "Like myself, for example," remarked Phil, with a great sigh.

They could easily understand how the patient toilers of the century gone could combine their forces and pound out gold enough to warrant good Father Anselmo's description of the riches of the place. But unless the mountain could be transported to the nearest stamp mill, four or five hundred miles away, or the stamp mill brought to the mountain, it seemed very much as though the gold would stay where it was—for a time, at least.

Phil's disappointment was naturally greater than that of his companion. What air castle the waif and stray had built, having as their foundation Flat Top Mountain and its gold! Until running across his uncle, Jack Bruton, and his subsequent friendship with Tom, Phil Amsted had not so thoroughly realized his homeless condition, or that drifting about the world in the capacity of a mountebank, if I may I so express it, was after all a very unsatisfactory way of living.

Tom's friendship had been beneficial in other ways. Unconsciously imitating the former's quiet address and manner, Phil was dropping much of his flippancy. Slang words and phrases were not as common with him as of yore.

But Phil was decidedly despondent as, after the lengthening shadows warned them that the day was waning, they finished their survey of the quarry and moved slowly away.

"If we had made a strike, I might have been something better than a variety actor," he said, moodily. "I want an education, and lots more things—"

"Look here, Phil," interrupted Tom, kindly. "strike or no strike, you're never going back to your old life, if I can help it. Where I go—East or West—I mean you to go, and some day I shall have money enough for us both—so don't fret."

"I know how good you are and all that," was the grateful reply; "but Tom, I'm not one of the kind to be dependent. I could go with you to the end of the earth for that matter, only I must hold up my end of the rope. You see I—why look at that, will you?"

Phil's sudden exclamation was caused by a somewhat remarkable phenomenon. I spoke of a depression in the center of the plateau. From this suddenly rose a cylindrical column of a thin, vaporous smoke.

"Now what?" said Tom, wonderingly, and without further words the two bent their steps in the direction of the strange sight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNPLEASANT NEWS.

As they drew near they noticed that the grass and surrounding verdure were dry and sere. Finally it ceased altogether, giving place to a great rim of what was evidently lava that had been cooled suddenly from its molten state. And before them they saw the edge of a black cavernous crater, perhaps twenty feet across, from whose abysmal depths rose the smoke which had attracted their attention.

There was a sulphurous, gaseous smell in the atmosphere, which, however, disappeared as all at once the vapor seemed to vanish into the thin air.

Both stood gazing with wonder at the deep pit before them. The only sound that smote the silence was the ripple of the stream from the fountain above, which, following the little channel it had furrowed out, plunged impetuously over the edge of the crater.

But so great was its depth that the fragments of lava which they tossed downward could not be heard to strike at the bottom. And then all at once from the subterranean hollow came a deep, rumbling sound, like distant thunder, and following it another column of smoke somewhat denser than the first.

"The Old Fellow himself must have his workshop down there somewhere," said Phil, trying to speak lightly, as they hurried away from the unpleasant locality.

"It's a volcano on a small scale, like those in New Mexico that old Currey told of last winter," returned Tom, rather gravely.

For he remembered hearing from the same authority that these miniature volcanoes, often lying dor-

mant for years, even centuries, have a peculiarity of waking into sudden and unexpected activity.

The rumbling and muttering died away after a time, leaving the silence even more profound by contrast.

"Let's be getting out of this," was Phil's brief suggestion, which was acted upon at once. Cautiously making their way down the steps, they regained the raft, and by dint of considerable effort, succeeded in pulling it back against the opposing current to the place from which they had started.

Everything was as they had left it. A fire was kindled, and the evening meal prepared, Phil's tongue running fast enough to make up for time lost during the day. Of course they could decide upon nothing till the return of Geary, and impatiently enough they waited his coming on the following day; but not until another had passed did the old prospector heave in sight.

"Why, what ails him?" exclaimed Tom, as, with the loaded pony in tow, Dutch Geary rode slowly up.

For the prospector was swaying from side to side in his saddle, in a manner which at first suggested that he might have been seriously hurt—perhaps wounded by Indians—so Tom innocently thought.

Phil knew better. He had seen the erratic Geary that way more than once. But before he could explain, Geary rolled heavily from the saddle.

"So I vos back," he said, rather thickly, "and mit der skins of two more buff'lo. Unload der pony, boys, and be careful of ter blue kag—I find a trader wagon mit some sperits and make me a leedle bitters."

That Mr. Geary was slightly tipsy was indisputable; and Tom, at once realizing the situation, took measures accordingly.

That is, as soon as the blue keg was unslung from the saddle and deposited on the ground, he slyly extracted the bung, and allowed the contents to escape.

Geary walked unsteadily to the fire and seated himself.

"Ter mule was all right? Dot vos good. And you haf had no mischief? Dot vos better. You vos bot' fine boys. Shust so yes'day I tell dot feller Mondez—?"

"Montez! You haven't seen him?" exclaimed Tom, in dismay.

"Yas. He vos mit two prospectors he fell in mit by accidents. They vos bound to ter west, but when Montez know you vos mit me at der camp he change der mind of them. Mebbe we haf one visit sometimes to-morrow."

Here Mr. Geary smiled, agreeably, as though he had imparted pleasant news. Tom and Phil exchanged glances of dismay.

"But don't you know, after what I have told you, that Montez is an enemy to me—one of the worst kind!" cried Tom, irritably. "What possessed you to mention my name at all?"

The prospector scratched his head feebly.

"It must haf been der bitters," he murmured, in a shame-faced sort of way—"we haf a leedle pull at der blue kag all roun', and I forget wot you tells me about Montez."

The mischief had been done, and it was too late to fret over it. It was only left to decide what was their next best step.

Geary, seeming to feel rather ashamed, walked unsteadily to the river's edge, and, after drinking something like a quart of water, plunged his head in the cooling element repeatedly.

"It vos all right now," he said on returning—"and mit one leetle shwallow of bitters for settlin' mine stomach."

"You won't get any," said Tom, sharply. "I've let the confounded stuff run out." And the kick which he gave the empty keg was both attestation and emphasis.

Dutch Geary's face fell, and he groaned—literally—in spirit. But realizing, as he grew more sober, the mischief the "bitters" had made, he said nothing more about their loss. And having partaken of a few pounds of buffalo steak, Geary became himself again.

His incredulous astonishment, after hearing the story which Tom and Phil had to tell, knew no bounds.

"Shtairs to der top of ter mountain? No! No! It mus' be more of der dream you tells of. When I sees dem shtairs I shall belief—not before!"

"Well, you can see them—as soon as you're sober enough to climb," was Phil's sharp response. Whereupon Geary announced himself "more sober as von

chudge," and in due time the three had embarked on the raft, which reached its destination in safety as before.

"Now do you believe what we told you?" demanded Phil as he poined to the ascent.

"I beliefs everything after now. Go ahead, boys," and the trio clambered slowly to the top of the plateau.

The ruined pueblo—the miniature crater—in fact all the objects that had so deeply impressed Tom and Phil, were of secondary importance in the eyes of Geary.

"Der quarry is der mos' consequence—mebbe I see somet'ings there you don't," was his impatient observation, as they walked rapidly onward in the required direction. And when the party finally reached the spot, Geary at first had no words to express his amazement at the richness of the gold-bearing rock.

"Fifty t'ousand dollar a ton at der least," he muttered, as, with the eye of an expert, he examined a fragment of the ledge. "But up here it might as well be fifty cent," Geary dolefully continued, "unless we haf one big stock company mit a million or so of dollars behind."

Then he walked to the shaft. Picking up a bucket, Geary let some of the gravel slip through his fingers. Then they noticed that he gave a great start. A singular change came over his weather-beaten face.

"So—dese was your copper—eh?" said Geary, in a peculiar voice.

"I suppose they forged their tools out of the copper they got by their shaft, didn't they?" asked Tom, wondering a little at the old prospector's peculiar manner.

"I thinks not much! Dot you calls copper vos gold! For certain there shall be twenty ounce of der stuff to one pint of gravel! What you thinks now—eh?"

They thought he had not quite recovered from the effects of the bitters, for one thing. And Phil, with his usual frankness, told him so.

But Geary went on to show them that the coppery look of the little pellets of metal at the top layer of the gravel contained in the bucket, was simply due to the action of wind and weather for a century or so. And underneath he pointed out the particles of precious metal in their true color.

"We shall be richer than wos der Vanderbilts if we finds more of der pay gravel like this, down der shaft," he exclaimed, triumphantly, and certainly it did look that way.

But many preparations had yet to be made to get it in readiness for operations. The rude winch with its copper handle had to be set up and overhauled—a work of no small magnitude in itself—an axe and augur being the only available tools. The remaining buffalo skins, being stripped and knotted into a long line, were brought up and conveyed to the shaft, so that it was dark before everything was prepared.

And now how to throw their expected visitors off the track was the difficult problem to be solved. For that Montez's desire of revenging himself on Tom would lead him thither, none of them doubted.

Only for the wagons and animals, they could all have taken refuge on the top of the plateau, and even in that remote event of their retreat being discovered, they might hold it against an army. Finally a plan was agreed upon which seemed feasible enough, and the three turned in. But little sleep visited their eyes, however, and by the earliest dawn they were astir. Many things were to be done that day, and it was destined to be a most eventful one.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

Tom and Phil at daybreak rode their horses to the other side of the elevation, and hid them away in the thick growth along the river bank, returning on foot. Taking with them a quantity of provisions and their rifles they ascended to the plateau, leaving Geary to account for their absence in whatever way should occur to him.

"I shall say you two vos gone and leaf me alone by mine self. They gets not'ing more out of me than I choose to tell," was Geary's stout assertion. And with this our two friends had to be content.

The presumption was that having found his errand fruitless, Montez would resume his journey with his

companions, after which Geary would join his younger friends, and the descent of the shaft could be accomplished.

The hours dragged slowly by. The location of the camp made it impossible for them to see what was going on below. They wandered idly about the deserted pueblo, without making any new discoveries, and finally Phil made a suggestion:

"What's the use of waiting for old Geary? Let's try the shaft ourselves."

Tom shook his head doubtfully. He was not willing at first to take the risk. But Phil scoffed at his hesitation. He—Tom—weighed not far from a hundred and fifty, and was as strong as a bull moose. Couldn't he wind up a hundred and thirty pounds, for goodness sake? That was all Phil weighed.

Having never tried the experiment, Tom couldn't tell. But Phil insisted so strenuously that it could be done, that Tom finally consented.

The winch was the simplest of affairs. A section of the trunk of a young cedar formed the barrel, around which a hundred feet of the rawhide rope was wound. Two uprights, and a copper handle, with a wooden brake to check a too rapid descent, completed the "cutfit," as Phil termed it.

Phil's preparations for descent were equally simple. A candle and matches, with Geary's pick and the old copper bucket, slung to the wooden cross bar, astride of which the young fellow placed himself, were all. And thus equipped, he began the descent.

Nervously enough Tom manipulated the brake, which, jammed against the barrel, prevented it from letting his friend down "by the run." The depth of the shaft, as previously sounded, was about fifty-eight feet. And when rather more than half the coil was run off, a shout from below came echoing up.

"All right, old fellow! Air is pure as need be. And, our fortunes are made!"

The last remarkable statement came a moment or two after the first. And Tom was honestly far more glad for his friend's sake than his own.

There was an interval of silence. Tom has told me how during it he stood leaning against the winch, trying to convince himself that it was all real. The deserted pueblo, the strange silence, and the plateau itself, like an island rising above a vast sea of far reaching plain, whose only boundaries were the distant mountain ridges, with a domelike blue sky over all.

"Haul up!"

There was reality enough in the vibrating call from beneath. Tom seized the handle of the winch and ran the filled bucket to the surface in almost less time than I take to write my sentence.

Well! Inexperienced as he was Tom saw at a glance that the gravel which he poured out on one of the blankets brought with them, was of almost incalculable richness. Virgin gold never glitters or sparkles, except in fiction. But there it lay—little and large pellets of dull yellow, thickly intermingled with the "pay dirt" or surrounding gravel.

And just here a word regarding the probable origin and formation of the eminence of which I am speaking. There are many such scattered throughout New Mexico and southern Arizona. They are sometimes designated as "table mountains." Scientists tell us that they are the result of volcanic action in remote ages. From the sudden upheaval of lava, carrying everything before it, the surrounding earth and clay has been washed, leaving the basaltic rock towering above the adjacent country. In all probability, the upheaval of Flat Top had been from the dry bed of some ancient river wonderfully rich in gold deposits, and far down in earth the subterranean fires still smoldered.

Three times the bucket was sent down, to be brought

up full to the brim with the same precious deposits. And then Tom sung out to his friend to get ready to be raised to terra firma.

Absorbed in his fascinating occupation, Tom had neither eyes nor ears for anything else. Otherwise he would have seen and heard the approach of three men, whose appearance was anything but prepossessing.

Montez, who formed one of the trio, looked very unlike the jauntily attired ranchero of other days. A beard of some weeks' growth gave a ruffianly look to his handsome, reckless features. His apparel was torn, travel-stained, and thickly covered with the alkali dust of the plains. His two companions were Mexicans of the lowest type known to the border—all well armed, as a matter of course.

Tom had just seized the handle of the winch when a smothered exclamation, immediately behind him, caused him to turn.

The Mexicans' gloating eyes were fixed on the pile of pay gravel emptied from the bucket. But those of Montez, lit up with savage exultation, glared directly into Tom's.

"At last, comarado! Long time I wait; but my turn come, as I say before!"

Montez covered Tom with his rifle as he spoke, though the latter was entirely unarmed. His carbine lay at a distance, and for more freedom of movement he had thrown aside his pistol belt.

In an instant Tom was seized. Resistance with the muzzle of a cocked Winchester at his temple was worse than useless. So, indeed, would be expostulation or pleading.

Not a word further did Montez address to his prisoner, who with a thrill of terror realized that at no time had he been in such peril as then. A muttered consultation between the three followed.

While this was in progress, Phil's voice, with a ring of impatience, came from the shaft below:

"Hurry up, Tom! It's getting a bit chilly down here, and I'm all of a perspiration. Wind me up, won't you?"

At a signal from Montez the two Mexicans seized the winch handle. Holding his rifle again in readiness, Montez, whose face wore an expression of exultant malice, stood near the shaft.

It would have availed nothing for Tom to have shouted a warning. Phil was already half way up, and a few moments later his head and shoulders appeared above the mouth of the shaft.

Poor Phil's face was a study as he at once took in the unpleasant situation. Montez, the man of all others they had reason to dread, confronting him with a cocked rifle—two ill-favored Mexicans standing ready to assist him to terra firma—an operation performed with more roughness than was called for under the circumstances.

"A surprise unpleasant, eh, Americano?" chuckled Montez; "but wait. We have one in store for you that shall be so more."

"Oh, you infernal halfbreed," groaned Phil, as he submitted to be bound in the same way as his companion: "if I only—"

"Don't gratify the black-hearted scoundrel by making talk, Phil," interrupted Tom. And Phil was dumb.

Where, oh where was Dutch Geary? This was the unspoken thought in the minds of each, as a little later they were hurried toward the descent to the river.

Alas, the prospector was sleeping the heavy slumber of intoxication under the body of the tilted wagon, while beside him was a half emptied bottle of fiery aguardiente, with which potent beverage he had been freely plied by his wily visitors previous to their occupation of the plateau above.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



EDITORIAL CHAT

AND CORRESPONDENCE.

The prizes in the "Criticism" contest will be forwarded to the lucky competitors in time for Christmas. It will be impossible to print the names of the winners in our Christmas issue, as it goes to press three weeks in advance. Therefore, if one of the five dollar gold pieces does not reach you before old Kris Kringle starts on his annual visit you will know that the judges have counted you out.

* * *

At the date of this writing a large number of letters have been received in this contest. They are from all classes and all sorts and conditions of boys. They form, on the whole, very instructive reading. It is not often that the American boy is called upon to give an opinion as to the merits, literary and otherwise, of the fiction furnished him. It seems to have been the idea of most publishers of juvenile papers that anything is good enough for a boy.

* * *

That such an opinion is a mistake is amply proved by the great and instantaneous success of Army and Navy. From its first inception its policy has been to give the boys just what they want. The first contest, based on that plan, brought thousands of enthusiastic letters from all over America. It was a novelty quickly appreciated. The letters submitted were carefully read and a concensus of opinion taken. The result will soon be observed in Army and Navy.

* * *

To carry out the policy thus inaugurated another contest calling for criticisms on ten West Point and Naval Academy stories was conducted. It is that contest which is now, at this writing, drawing to an end. Another is under consideration, and it will be well to say, in passing, that interesting competitions for valuable prizes will form a permanent feature of Army and Navy.

* * *

Another article, submitted in the Amateur Journalism contest, is published this week. It gives the personal experience as an amateur publisher of a well-known member of the 'dom, and should prove very interesting to our readers.

* * *

A new serial by an author well known to the juvenile readers of this country will be commenced in No. 29. The title and further details will be given next week.

* * *

A correspondent signing himself "Dissatisfied," and writing from Nashville, Tennessee, states that he is working in a lawyer's office but does not like the profession. The only advice to give a boy who is working

at a business he does not take an interest in is to secure other employment as soon as possible, as he is not doing justice to himself or to his employer by remaining in the business. He is only working like machinery and is liable to break down any time.

* * *

The legal profession is of such a peculiar nature that it requires constant study even after being admitted to the bar. In fact all professions require considerable study, and if a lad is not inclined that way he would do well to take up something requiring more hand than brain work.

* * *

W. F. A., Kansas City, Mo.—War vessels carry two classes of buglers who have entirely distinct and separate duties. Attached to each marine detachment are a bugler and drummer, who are supposed to furnish the martial music for the "sea soldiers" while on duty ashore, and also to sound reveille, tattoo and taps on board ship. They are generally boys enlisted for the purpose and who have undergone a regular course of instruction at the Washington Marine Barracks. The pay is \$13 a month, clothing, board and lodging. Each man-of-war also carries a regular ship's bugler whose duty is to sound the many boat and drill calls. The position is generally occupied by a man, and the pay \$30 a month and ration. A man must thoroughly understand the bugle before being enlisted.

* * *

C. V. H., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Boys enlisted in the U. S. navy as apprentices are eligible only to the positions below that of a commissioned officer. They are not intended for Annapolis. Apprentices must pass a rigid physical examination and must possess a fair school education. They are enlisted at the various navy yards.

* * *

A Constant Reader, Hoboken, N. J.—1. Your penmanship and composition are excellent. 2. Five feet one inch; ninety pounds; twenty-eight inches. 3. No. 4. Yes.

* * *

J. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your measurements are perfect, and you are certainly finely developed for a boy of nineteen.

* * *

Constant Reader, New York City.—Write to the superintendent of Columbia Institute, New York City.

* * *

M. J. D., Cleveland, O.—The coin has no value.

* * *

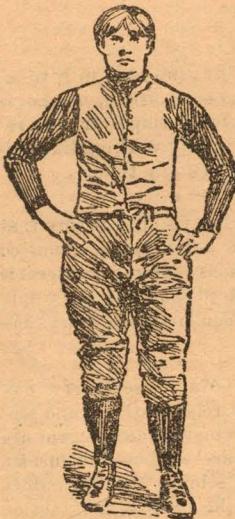
Arthur Sewall

ATHLETIC SPORTS

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL



(Brief items of interest on local amateur athletics at the various colleges and schools are solicited. Descriptions and scores of match games will also be published if sent to this department.)



CAPTAIN RODGERS,
Yale Football Team.

As to Football.

Nothing profitable can be said of the sports properly called brutal, which cause suffering to helpless creatures. Most people are agreed on that. But the term brutal is frequently applied wrongly to the rougher sort of school games.

Football, for instance, is considered by non-enthusiasts as a positively brutal sport. To point out that the game has a record of immemorial antiquity goes for nought. Our mothers and sisters and maiden aunts don't care a fig for antiquity, they have regard only for the present. Our forbears were heathens and savages, say they, and their diversions are, therefore, unsuited for Christian youth in the nineteenth century. They would have us phlegmatic, and glide through life without a scar accompanying us on the journey. The queer point is that the very history of football supports the view of our fair relatives and friends.

If they turn to the *Lagás*, they will read there how brutal was football among the youth of the period. Accidents happened then as they do now, only more so. We read that in Herrand one player has his wrist dislocated; a second fractures his thigh-bone; a third has his eye knocked out, while a fourth breaks his neck, all in a friendly match. We could understand this wholesale wrecking among the players if the teams were playing in a match proper and had for opponents such doughty champions of the leather as the Villians or the Rovers, but in a friendly match—well, there! In a match proper I suppose the only thing left intact at the finish of the game would be the ball. There wouldn't be anything left of the players. But, as I have pointed out, ladies don't care a denarius for antiquity. They go solid for the game as it is played now, which is, to put it mildly, rather exciting.

The truth is those ancient sports—football figuring prominently—were only ordeals to try the courage and

We give this week pictures of two famous football players. They are members of the Yale team, which won such a decisive and unexpected victory from the Princeton team at New Haven, November 20, 1897. Rodgers, the Yale captain, is a splendid athlete and one of the best captains of Eli ever produced. De Saulles literally bounded into fame when he made his now famous run during the game mentioned above. He is described as a plucky little fellow who only stands five feet seven inches in his stockings and tips the beam at a hundred and forty-six pounds. A run of his in the first half was one of the most remarkable seen on the football grounds. The only run to equal it was that of Thorne in the Princeton game of two years ago.

endurance of the healthy youth, and were made brutal. We don't make things brutal nowadays, although when you play football to-day you must take the risk of being knocked about a bit. It makes a youth courageous, daring, plucky and manly.

Winter Cycling Hints.

Now that we are approaching the period of the year when the days are getting shorter, and the weather, and consequently the roads, more uncertain than usual, there are two things to which the careful cyclist will pay a little extra attention—his lamp and his chain. Every cyclist does not know how to properly clean a chain. The mud should be allowed to dry, when it should be brushed off, and a piece of rag run in between each couple of links.

A little oil should then be applied to each rivet, and to the block where it meets the tooth of the chain wheel. Occasionally the chain should be removed, and soaked for a night in paraffin, in which it should be stirred about so as to make the dirt come out.

With these simple precautions the chain will run easily in the dirtiest weather.

With regard to the lamp, the well should be kept nearly full of oil, and, after use, care should be taken to turn down the wick level with the wick holder, so as to keep out air. After cleaning, wipe the reflector with an oil rag, which prevents it becoming blackened or dimmed. Lamps are now made so well that they rarely smoke through any fault of their own, but if you do happen to find an inveterate smoker, a couple of holes bored in the bottom generally effect a cure. Keep your spare wicks in a dry place, or they will be of little use when you want them.

Another tip for winter riding. Don't go out without mud-guards, and don't make the mistake of having the back one too short. If you do you might as well not have it at all. A leather "splasher" attached to the bottom of the front guard will help to keep the feet warm and dry.

Cycling Notes.

A Boston inventor has brought out a new non-slipping tire, the tread of which is composed of a series of small short studs, which, it is claimed, not alone prevent side-slip, but prove an effective non-puncturing tire.

Cyclists should never wear shoes that are tight-fitting or have pointed toes when riding their machines. In the use of the latter the toes are driven down to the point of the shoe with each downward stroke of the pedal, and this soon results in corns.

Several of the manufacturers of chainless bicycles are reported to be figuring on employing racing teams next year to prove that their machines are speedier than the chain driven wheel.



DE SAULLES,
Yale's Famous Quarterback.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Chivalrous Devotion.

At a well-known aquarium, the female lobster some time back cast her shell. She screwed herself up together on the toes and tail, and suddenly bent her body. Snap went the shell in its center, and the case of the back came away in one piece. The claws were her next care, and she worked away at them for a long time.

It was a proceeding of extreme delicacy, considering that all the flesh of the great claw had to be passed through the small base. During the operation one claw came off altogether, and this must have seemed to the lobster lady a serious misfortune, as it will not grow to its full size again until the second year. The tail and legs gave very little trouble, and the body, when thus undressed, proved to be of a pale blue.

The shell-casting over, the lobster sank on the sand, and this action seemed a signal for the attack of every creature in the tank.

The defenceless victim bade fair to succumb to the fury of her enemies, when the male lobster suddenly came to the rescue. Standing over his shell-less better half, he fought her assailants relentlessly. Day and night did he watch over her, until her shell was sufficiently hardened to protect her in fighting her own battles.

When this happy moment arrived, he deliberately picked up the old claw, broke it in his nippers, and ate the meat. He then dug a hole in the sand, placed in it the broken bits of shell, buried them, and piled a number of small stones above the grave.

Washington's Dog Didn't Like It.

Washington was once out hunting in the Virginia forests, accompanied by his favorite hound, Governor. A heavy storm of rain and mist coming up he lost his way, his powder was rendered useless, and to add to the perils and inconvenience of his situation, he found that he had not his pocket-compass with him.

In this sorry plight he wandered in circles, as people do who are lost in the bush, wet, weary, hungry, for he had no food save wild berries. He was almost exhausted, when a happy thought occurred to him.

Tying his pocket-flask and his powder-flask to his dog's tail, he fastened his long sash round the animal's neck, holding one end in his hand; then he gave the dog a tremendous kick. The animal was so completely surprised at this treatment that he stood for a moment paralyzed; then, wheeling about, he made straight for home.

It is a curious, but undoubtedly fact, that any sudden alarm or attack will quicken a dog's perceptive faculties, render more subtle his scent and power of memory and induce him to strike for his home.

So the dog fled, and Washington followed desperately over stumps, through bogs, into briars, until finally the sash gave way. With one tremendous yell Washington still further frightened the frantic animal, the terrible banging and clattering of the flasks at his heels added to his speed, and in a moment he was out of sight.

After a hearty laugh at the incident, Washington leisurely marched in the direction the dog had taken. It was easy to do so by observing the mossy side of the trees, the direction of the longer branches, and the other signs with which an experienced hunter is acquainted.

It was not long, therefore, before he reached a clearing, and was once more in safety. But the dog, once faithfully attached to him, could not to the day of its death endure his presence or even hear his voice without relapsing into an agony of terror.

A Duel With Lariats.

A strange duel happened in Argentine a few years ago. Two ranchers were enamored of the same dark-eyed señorita. Now, when your South American is hit by the blind archer, he is hit hard. He is not satisfied to visit his charmer one evening in the week and give up the rest of the time to his rivals. If he catches another admirer about the house, there is apt to be trouble, and work for the priest and undertaker.

The two sighing swains in question had agreed to settle, by a duel with the lasso, which should wed the damsel. A hundred piratical-looking cow-punchers assembled to witness the fray. The rivals appeared mounted on mettlesome mustangs, each with a long, powerful lariat of tough bull-hide.

They were both experts with the lasso, and their horsemanship was a marvel. They approached to within forty or fifty yards of each other, then began to manoeuvre for a deciding cast. After several feints the lariat of the younger of the rivals went whizzing through the air so swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow it. The other sank his spurs into his mustang.

The animal shot forward just in time to save his master from the deadly noose, and as he did so the second lasso rose into the air and settled round the shoulders of the man who missed, pinning his arms to his sides as in a vise. He was jerked headlong out of his saddle.

His successful rival drew him along, hand over hand, half-lifted him from the ground by the tenacious thong, and put a bullet squarely between his eyes. He then turned and rode directly to the house where lived the cause of this barbaric scene. She mounted behind him, and he came galloping back, swinging his sombrero.

The Spectre of the Brocken.

A great deal has been written about the spectre which can be seen on the Brocken—the highest summit of the Hartz Mountains in Germany.

The so-called spectre, which is seen there now, is indeed a startling one, and were it not known to be caused by reflection it might be supposed that it was something supernatural.

An observatory has been built near the point where the spectre is to be seen to the best advantage. You no sooner step out upon the little platform to the south of the tower than your shadow, gigantic in size, is projected against the eastern sky, where it is seen to flit swiftly from place to place, accurately following your every motion. It is only in the evening, just before sunset, that it can be seen at all.

The explanation of this atmospheric phenomenon is very simple. To the east of the Hartz Mountains there is always a very hazy atmosphere, so dense that it presents a surface capable of receiving the impression of an object, and reflecting its shadow. So, therefore, when the sun gets round to the west, the shadows of all objects which are near enough to the wall of atmospheric particles are projected upon the wall.

You can produce a somewhat similar delusion at home, although on a much smaller scale. Heat a poker red hot, and then look along it at a coin or a letter stuck upon the wall, a distance of six feet from the eye. Watch it intently for a few seconds, and you will see an inverted image of the object hanging near the end of the poker.

AMATEUR JOURNALISM

NEWS NOTES
OF INTEREST TO THE
YOUNG PUBLISHERS
AND AUTHORS
OF AMERICA



EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Amateur Press Club of Greater New York desire new members, especially from the borough of Brooklyn. Readers of this paper, who are residents of that borough and wish to join, should communicate at once with R. Gerald Ballard, secretary, 98 Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The National Flag Association of America, R. Gerald Ballard, secretary, 98 Henry street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has added an amateur journalism department, which offers many advantages to the prose and poetry inclined members. A prize will be given every two months for the best article sent in. Manuscripts, etc., will be carefully corrected and advice given if requested. Harry M. Konwiser, 38 Barbara street, Newark, N. J., has been given the appointment of manager.

Philadelphia, well known in amateur circles as the city of clubs, has recently added to its local capacities the "Quaker City Amateur Press Club," which was organized on September 14, at the residence of Theodore G. Meyer. The interest manifested in this, the only club of the kind strictly for amateur journalists, in that city, has promised for it a decided success. The officers are as follows: Theodore G. Meyer, president; Alfred Snyder, vice-president; M. Aloysius Matthews, secretary; Casimir I. Gerbee, treasurer; Harris Reed, Jr., official editor. "Leaves from the Press," official organ. Meetings first and third Monday of each month.

An association that has been making rapid strides to success is the United Amateur Press Association. Its membership consists of some two hundred young men and ladies, between the ages of 14 and 25 years, who are using their best endeavors to advance the cause of amateur journalism, and at the same time gain untold benefit through the knowledge acquired while following its course. An educating hobby in every sense of the word, and one that any youth can enter in who has any inclination whatever for literature, and who is desirous of deriving the substantial benefits sure to follow in his wake.

The objects and principles of the U. A. P. A., as outlined in the new constitution, are as follows:

First—To unite fraternally all those who are interested in amateur journalism.

Second—To advance the interests taken in literary accomplishments.

Third—To uphold, maintain and perpetuate every thing that will assist in the advancement of amateur journalism.

Fourth—To induce the young people of America to become interested in amateur journalism.

Fifth—To enable its members to place before the public articles, poems, or whatever they may have achieved in literary pursuits.

Sixth—To instruct its members so that they may gain higher honors, and become advanced so far as to be eligible to the professional ranks.

Those who are interested can best show their approval of the above by becoming a member of the grand association for amateur journalists. Full particulars can be had by addressing the secretary of this U. A. P. A., Harris Reed, Jr., Box 3533, Philadelphia, Pa., who will immediately forward pamphlets, blanks, copies of latest amateur papers, etc.

AN AMATEUR PUBLISHER'S EXPERIENCE.

(The following article, submitted by Mr. Ed. H. Weigel, late president U. A. P. A., in the "Amateur Journalism Contest" recently held in Army and Navy, is published as a very interesting bit of personal reminiscence.—The Editor.)

From the experience gained in publishing "The Gem," now defunct, I am positive an amateur journal can be made to pay; provided, however, the publisher is one with energy and business qualifications. An amateur publication requires the same attention as a professional, inasmuch as it dare not be neglected; its columns must contain the best matter procurable; subscriptions and advertisements are absolutely necessary, and last but not least, it should always be issued on time.

"The Gem" was considered the leading amateur magazine in the 'dom, and it was clearing expenses until second-class rates of postage were refused.

It contained eight three-column pages, size of each 7 3-4 x 10 1-2 inches, printed with eight point type on super-calendered book paper. The cost of paper amounted to \$1.75 per month; composition and press-work \$15. Two thousand copies were circulated. The composition of ads. was always neat and up-to-date, and the presswork was carefully and clearly executed.

Subscriptions were procured by offering prizes to the most popular clubs, through live agents secured in every place possible, and by constant advertising. The first named method being very successful, and the last, that of advertising in amateur publications and periodicals being very advantageous.

Advertisements were secured by the business manager who attended strictly to his duty. He wrote personal letters to numerous progressive advertisers, always stating the truth, and soliciting at least a trial advertisement, the result being that "The Gem" always had a page or more of paid advertisements.

The matter contained in "The Gem" was secured by its many special correspondents, who were the best known and most capable writers in the 'dom. Each issue was carefully revised and criticized by the editor-in-chief before going to press, and no slanderous matter was allowed a place in its columns.

Special enlarged numbers were occasionally issued, each of which received congratulations from its contemporaries, and at the same time increased its subscription list.

A publication must secure newspaper rates of postage to be a success, because the expense of mailing a large number of copies at one cent each eats up the profits gained from the subscriptions and advertisements. One should be careful that he does not issue too many copies gratuitously, as this was the cause of "The Gem" being refused second-class rates.

It is quite difficult to state which is the most advisable—a weekly or monthly. But it appears that a weekly, if given proper attention, could be a financial success, inasmuch as there are few weekly publications now issued in the amateur world.

If I should again start an amateur publication, my selection would be the same size, and conducted on the same principle as "The Gem," and in every way endeavor to make it a model magazine.

My advice to young publishers is that they should use discretion and energy, with "Honesty in Everything" as their motto, and I am sure they will succeed.

Ed. H. Weigel.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Letters from Prize Winners.

The following letters are from the successful contestants in the first prize competition held by Army and Navy. Our readers will recall that fifteen dollars divided into ten prizes were offered for the best letters on the subject of favorite stories and departments.

38 South Ford Street,

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 9, '97.

Gentlemen: I received your check for five dollars, and to say that I was surprised would be putting it mild.

I had not the least idea of winning a prize, but as you kindly gave the Army and Navy readers a chance to express their opinions, I availed myself of the opportunity, thinking that there might be some little idea that would be of some benefit to you, so you see I was surprised to know that I had won first prize.

I can say, both for all your readers as well as myself, that the Army and Navy Weekly as it is to-day is the best paper published, and when your plans for the future are fulfilled it will be without a rival in the literary field.

As you have said, you have struck a popular subject in the publishing of the cadet stories.

Please accept my thanks for check and in conclusion I wish you all the success due to honesty and merit.

Very truly yours,
William Showne.

Baltimore, Nov. 8, 1897.

Gentlemen: Your letter with enclosure, came duly to hand, for which accept thanks.

Respectfully,
J. Clarke Farran.

Jamaica, L. I., Nov. 8, 1897.

Gentlemen: I received your check of \$1 as a reward offered to the successful winner of your prize contest.

Thanking you for the check and hoping your paper will meet with the greatest success, I remain,

Your careful reader,
J. A. Maica.

Bethel Military Academy,

Fauquier Springs P. O., Nov. 8, 1897.

Gentlemen: Your favor of the 6th inst., with enclosure of \$1, is at hand. Many thanks for the same. I can assure you I was agreeably surprised at the receipt of it.

Wishing you all success and assuring you that I will continue to read Army and Navy with unabating interest, I remain,

Respectfully,
Anton C. Cron.

Philipsburg, Pa., Nov. 9, 1897.

Gentlemen: I hereby acknowledge receipt of one dollar received from Street & Smith for winning one of the eight one-dollar prizes offered in prize contest recently concluded in Army and Navy Weekly.

Your truly,
J. Thomas.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1897.

Gentlemen: Your favor of the 6th inst., together with its enclosure received, for which accept my sincere thanks, not only for the prize, but also for the opportunity which you gave the readers of the Army and Navy to tell the kind of stories they liked best.

The Army and Navy will ever be in my estimation the monarch of boys' papers. Trusting that it shall always be within my reach and wishing it a prosperous success, I am,

Very truly yours,
T. D. Radnor.

No. 4033 Renz street, West Phila., Pa.

Taurus P. O., N. J., Nov. 8, 1897.

Gentlemen: I am this day in receipt of your letter dated Nov. 6, containing your check for one dollar won by me in the prize contest recently concluded in the Army and Navy Weekly. Accept my thanks for same. May your latest enterprise prosper.

Thos. W. Lawson.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 8, 1897.

Gentlemen: I am in receipt of your check for \$1, payment of one of the eight one-dollar prizes in your contest. Please accept thanks and best wishes for the Army and Navy Weekly, and oblige,

Very truly yours,
C. R. Fargo.

Our Joke Department.

Neither Knew.

Charlie (with a rising inflection) — "Father, you know—"

Father (trying to read) — "No, I don't!"

"Don't what, father?"

"Don't know the answer to whatever question you are about to ask."

"Why, you don't know what I am going to ask, do you, father?"

"No, of course not!"

"Then how do you know you don't know what it is?"

"I don't know what it is that I don't know, but all the same I know I don't know it."

"But, father, if you don't know what it is that you don't know, how do you know you don't know? If you don't know, it seems to me that you don't know whether you know or don't know, and—"

"I know I don't know simply because I know I don't know the answers to any of the outlandish questions that your peculiar inquisitiveness is for ever prompting you to ask."

"But—"

"Oh, well, ask your question and be done with it! What is it you want to know?"

"Why, I—I don't know. You've made me forget."

Unanswerable.

Little Johnny sat up in his cot in the middle of the night.

"Father, I'm so thirsty."

"Lie still and go to sleep. You are not thirsty—not you!"

Johnny (after a pause) — "But I must have a glass of water. I'm so thirsty!"

"If you don't go to sleep this minute I'll go and fetch the stick."

To which the young hero replied:

"All right, father; if you are getting up to thrash me, you might bring a glass of water with you."

A Corinthian Favorite.

Muffers — "You seem to be decidedly popular with the Corinthian yachtsmen—always being invited out for a sail."

Puffers — "Y-e-s. I weigh three hundred pounds, and I know enough to keep on the windward side of the boat."

Mother — "Now, Freddy, mind what I say. You are not to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks' boy; he is very rude."

Freddy was heard a few minutes afterwards calling over the wall:

"Jimmy Binks, mother says I'm not to go into your garden because you're rude, so you come into my garden—I ain't rude."

Literary Young Man (at party) — "Mr. Blinker, I suppose you are familiar with Crabbe's Tales?"

Mr. Blinker (scornfully) — "I was not aware that crabs had tails."

Young Man (confusedly) — "I beg pardon; I should have said read Crabbe's Tales?"

Mr. Blinker (still more scornfully) — "And I was not aware that red crabs had tails either."

"Charlie," remarked Smith, "you are born to be a writer."

"Ah," replied Charlie, blushing slightly at the compliment, "you have seen some of the things I have turned off?"

"No," said Smith, "I wasn't referring to what you had written; I was simply thinking what a splendid ear you had for carrying a pen!"

"What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the Arctic regions?" asked the inquisitive man.

"Getting back home," was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.

"I conclude that's a fly," said the young trout.
"You are right, my dear," said its mother; "but never jump at conclusions."

Mrs. Brown—"Come here this moment, Johnnie! I must punish you for sliding down the banisters."
Johnnie—"Please, mother, didn't you just tell me not to make a noise running down stairs?"

An Irish editor, being unable to obtain a sufficiency of news for his daily paper, made the following extraordinary announcement:

"Owing to an unusual pressure of matter we are to-day obliged to leave several columns blank."

Englishman—"Aw, how is it, don't you know, that you Americans all talk through your noses?"

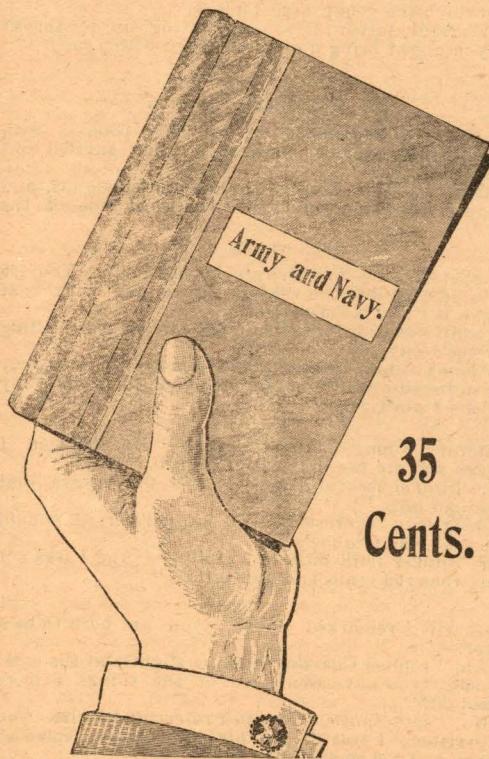
American—"Because we can. You see we haven't any of us been exposed to London fogs long enough to get our noses clogged up with catarrh."

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